

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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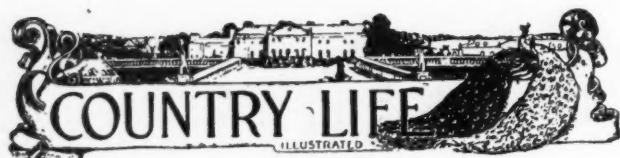
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LADY EVELYN WARD.

Dublin.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

With regard to photographs, the price required for reproduction, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated. If it is desired that the photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

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OVERCROWDING AND LOCOMOTION.

FOR some time past public opinion has been setting steadily in favour of improved means of transit as a relief to the overcrowding of London. That it is the view taken by a statesman of so much weight and influence as Mr. A. J. Balfour, and by so deep a student of social questions as Mr. William Booth, entitles it to the most careful consideration. At first sight it appears to be an excellent remedy, and far superior to the older plan of erecting model buildings in the crowded centres. Not that we despise the latter, either. It is easy to find fault with their appearance, and also to show that the plan of piling one closely-packed house upon another till we are in danger of rivaling old Edinburgh Cowgate, with its "sixteenth story where himself was born," as Lord Byron satirically puts it, is good neither for health nor morals; but we must never forget what an advance they are on what went before them. It is certainly good to protest against overcrowding, and to agitate for its remedy; but, at the same time, to quote an old-fashioned proverb, "Rome was not built in a day," and anyone who knows a little more of the question than its immediate phase may be pardoned for feeling satisfied that so much has been done. The improvement, however, is more manifest outside London than within. Nowhere will you

find to-day the truly awful condition of things against which Bishop Fraser used to inveigh, and that is minutely described in the report of the famous Commission of 1867. We doubt if a parallel could be found to-day to what the late Canon Atkinson remembered as prevailing in Yorkshire. The one-roomed dwellings against which Kingsley wrote and Bright spoke are considerably reduced in number. Yet, true though that may be of the country, less progress has to be recorded in London and the other great towns. There a much more difficult problem has had to be faced, as the natural increase of population has been tremendously accelerated by a great rush of country folk to town. It is a very regrettable movement, and perhaps the most effective, though an indirect, check for overcrowding would be to attack this, and provide more inducements for the peasant to remain at his homestead. The worst of such a remedy is that it must work slowly. No heroic measure that will bring the rural exodus to a sudden standstill is possible. All that can be done is to give a new direction to economical forces, and be content if in the course of a generation or two the desired effect promises to be achieved. Meanwhile, the congestion of town population is pressing and important. Energetic and vigorous measures are called for immediately. And here the evil is not one that can be left to find any natural remedy. It arises from an unnatural crowding together of the population that in its turn gives land and houses so abnormal a value that it is no longer in proportion to wages, and the poorer workman really cannot afford a decent share of house-room, and pays more than he ought for the little he gets.

Taking up a popular working-class newspaper, we find that a cheap house, as things go just now, is rented at from 6s. to 8s. a week. One advertiser offers "a boon to the working classes" in the shape of two rooms, a kitchen, and scullery for 6s. 6d. a week. Evidently the family must be small indeed if a couple of rooms are not overcrowded by it; and as many porters and that class of people get no more than from 18s. to 24s. a week, the rent is much too large in proportion to income. Besides, this is a place on the outskirts, where the workman gets a cheap return fare to his task; twopence a day is mentioned, which is a shilling a week. A third or a fourth of income is too much to pay for rent. The middle classes would not give it, though they too have been obliged to abandon the old principle of paying not more than a tenth, and only a twelfth if possible, for house-room. The sort of house commonly let for £35 a year would not satisfy the average recipient of £350. We have taken the trouble to ask men actually in receipt of that income, and find that none of those known to us pay less than £45 rent, which is just about an eighth. To return to our working-man, however, we find that if he goes to Lower Edmonton, he may get twelve rooms for 12s. 6d. and enjoy the advantage of a workman's train, which if he sublet would bring his weekly payment to about 7s. 6d. At Ilford he can get five rooms for 8s. 6d. and the same at Tooting. What are called one-family houses are offered for 9s. near a cheap train service, and for 7s. 6d. out at Bushey, and for 10s. at Sydenham. Now almost all these places are more or less out of the way, and not very desirable from a workman's point of view. His cheap train means that if he has the luck to have an eight-hour day it is changed into a nine or ten hour one. And the question is, how far round London does the zone of dear rents extend? As far as one can see it keeps expanding, and this is in part due to the action of the London County Council. For instance, some years ago, after Mr. Arthur Morrison published his book called "Children of the Jago," there was a great pulling about of the district near Bethnal Green that he named the Jago, for the odd reason that it was ministered to by the Rev. Osborne Jay, but the net result has only been to move the scene further along the line. Surrounding St. James's Street Station, Walthamstow, another Jago has been established, to which thieves, ex-convicts, undesirable women, and their like, now flock. The overcrowding is abominable. In a wretched tenement, one of the so-called villa cottages erected under the London Building Act and forming part of a long terrace, the writer, accompanied by a Government official, found thirty-six people living six in a room, including the kitchen, and, though this might be an extreme case, the whole row is frightfully overcrowded. Thus it is evident that the problem of the Jago is still an unsolved one.

On the same line of the Great Eastern Railway, there has been a great movement outward of factories, laundries, and so forth; so that what used to be a few years ago part of the pretty Lea Valley, and what once from its mixture of sylvan and river scenery attracted a better class of residents, is now a sea of bricks and mortar, with many smoky chimneys. Somehow, nevertheless, building does not keep pace with the growth of population. Houses are scarce, rents high, and the problem of overcrowding only takes a new shape. Evidently the removal of a factory from the centre of a town to the outskirts is no efficacious remedy, since it means only an expansion of London. The alternative is to carry manufacturing businesses still further out; and, as is well known, this has been done with good results in some parts of the country—the building of Port Sunlight might be taken as an

example. But what may answer very well in one kind of factory may be quite unsuitable in another; and at the present moment it would be the height of folly to do anything that would in any way harass or discourage trade. Never did it stand more in need of fostering care. We understand that one large firm is busy transferring its factories from London to Woking, and if others choose to follow this example, well and good; but were they to say it did not suit them to do so, that it was advantageous to be near the river and in the centre of the town, we hope the London County Council or Parliament never would be so misguided as to seek and exercise compulsory powers of removal. Far better send the workmen to Woking or elsewhere. And here the elements of time and expense come into consideration. If regular workmen's towns were formed outside a radius of, say, twenty-five miles from the Bank, it might pay the railway companies to run express trains without a stop between them and the City, because carriages would be filled at the start; but working people could not afford the time wasted by the ordinary stopping train. Mr. Balfour seems to anticipate a future for the motor-car as a working-man's conveyance, but probably he never travelled to London in a workman's train, and has no idea how crowded it is. The "twopenny tube," however, may possibly solve the difficulty. If the working classes could only be induced to go and live out in the same direction, electricity might very possibly be the means of carrying them swiftly and cheaply to their work in the morning and home again in the evening. It is almost the only hope left.



ON Saturday last the Ophir, amid none but happy omens, sailed away from Portsmouth, bearing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their Imperial tour to Australia. The King and Queen went with them as far as the Nab Lightship, returning to town in the evening. It is a fine journey for the heir apparent to make at the beginning of his father's reign, one that must have the effect of binding the distant parts of the Empire more closely to the Mother Country. But it has its sad side, too. As is well known, the King likes to have his son beside him, and, in his own fine words, it was only as an act of duty that he let him go. Except for this strong compulsion he would have preferred to keep his son at home.

The flippant but well-informed lady who, as the "Countess," writes Society chatter for our contemporary, the *Outlook*, with much delicate and clever beating about the bush, insinuates that there may possibly be a lack of cheerfulness about the new Court. With playful exaggeration she vows she cannot "imagine any of the ladies of the Court sliding down the stairs of Buckingham Palace on a tea-tray, or playing 'honey-pots.' Not a Maid of Honour will be able to smoke; none of them will know the odds on yesterday's winner, or be an expert at Bridge." And so she utters a pious wish that the King, who ever delighted in a study of all sorts and conditions of men in their natural surroundings, may not feel a little bored. Some of us older-fashioned people, who take no particular pleasure in women who slide downstairs on a tea-tray, are experts on cigarettes, gnostics at odds, and learned at Bridge, may console ourselves by remembering that the world-wide honour and respect in which Victoria died were gained by the exercise of precisely such austerities as those Queen Alexandra is credited with meditating. Any Sovereign can make a Court gay and wild; it is the exceptional one that keeps it under control. And, besides, this must all come natural to the King, since it was the way of his mother.

The prospect of an elaborate enquiry of a general character being held on the war, the causes that led to it, and the conduct of those engaged, is not alluring, and nobody seems exactly to know how it came to be promised. At least it has not been traced further back than a casual promise made by Mr. Brodrick at an insignificant political meeting. Still, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Balfour have committed them-

selves to sanctioning it should the Opposition insist. We can only hope, therefore, that the Liberal leaders will show some common-sense in regard to the matter. Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey at least must understand well enough that it would only mean a battle of partisans, the outlay of much money, a washing of dirty linen in public, and no beneficial result. Such incidents as the passage of arms between Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley may in a sense be inevitable, since it is not the first time that members of the same Administration have come to loggerheads, but a repetition of them would be detrimental to the best interests of the country. Besides, we have the history of the Roebuck Commission held after the Crimea to show that a war is too large a subject to come within an enquiry of this nature, and the Commissions of various kinds held during the last ten years show only a conflict between majority and minority reports that make it as difficult as ever to take action.

We are afraid the labour reports for February give small encouragement to those who would like to think the depression a purely temporary one. "Employment," says the summary, "showed but little change when compared with the previous month, but was worse than a year ago." One effect has been a considerable drop in wages. Returns affecting 220,293 workpeople have been collected, and "the net effect on the weekly wages of these workpeople was a reduction of 2s. a head. Of the total number affected, 211,861 sustained decreases averaging 2s. 2d. per week, and 8,432 received advances averaging 1s. 5d. per week." The latest traffic returns of the Home Railways are of a kind to drive home the natural inference from this. So far, however, the fall has been practically confined to mining and kindred industries, though not even in other businesses can the prospect fairly be described as rosy.

One of the lessons that we are learning—late, perhaps, but better late than never—from the war that still drags on, is that mules are on the whole better adapted for the draught of artillery than horses. In the broken country of Africa, and in that climate, so trying to equine constitutions, this obviously is the case, but it appears to be the opinion of the prudent that the superior qualities of the half-bred animal are proved, for this purpose, generally. These lessons, we may hope, will be appreciated for future guidance; and if this be so, it is reasonable to expect a demand for mules for military uses far greater than we have yet felt, and far greater than we can now supply. A few weeks ago, in a leading article, we drew attention to the opportunity presented to the farmers of rough places, like the Welsh mountain country, in the inevitably increased demand for useful horses for mounted infantry. Their opportunity for the breeding of mules should be no less obvious to them, and we take it that it is the positive duty of all who have authority, as Lord Dundonald spoke with authority to the horse-breeders of Wales, to point out to the farmer the opportunities that are offered him on the one hand and the other in the demand that must inevitably arise, and is indeed already present, for strong cobs for mounted infantry and big mules for draught.

The *Spectator* article already referred to, followed by a number of not less interesting letters, forms an instructive supplement to what has been said in *COUNTRY LIFE* about the Model Building Bye-laws. The Local Government Board will do well to notice that it is impossible to touch this question in any place or manner without bringing a great deal of discontent to the surface, and that it is the discontent of the most intelligent and disinterested classes. Mr. W. J. Locke, the secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects, complains that "the rural districts are hampered by these regulations," and the Master of the Carpenters' Company urges that pressure should be brought to bear on the Local Government Board to make them see how "regulations which are adapted to brick-built towns are ill-suited to the requirements of country districts." As we have mentioned before, the Carpenters' Company are offering prizes for the best plans and models of wood buildings, but the Master very naturally says that "even if we are fortunate enough to receive and reward very excellent designs, they can only at present be erected in such parts of England as are not cursed with bye-laws which render one of the most available of building materials illegal." This is strong language, but who dare say it is unjustifiable?

The only correspondent who has a word to say in favour of the bye-laws is Mr. Bowden Smith, chairman of the Lymington Rural District Council, and he seems to miss the point altogether. His argument is that, as a large proportion of the new dwellings in rural districts are "run up as speculations," bye-laws are necessary to restrain the iniquities of the jerry-builder, who would otherwise provide damp, unwholesome dwellings. But if the jerry-builders round Lymington are panting to build labourers' cottages, it is not so elsewhere in England. The true facts of the case are set forth by Mr. John

Martineau, who writes from Heckfield, that the labourers in his district, even those who are well paid, are "obliged to enter the Union-house with their families and throw up their work for want of a roof to cover them." That is what is the matter over the whole country. Speculative building does not proceed in rural districts, for the simple reason that nobody can make it pay, and the problem is not how to ensure comfort and health in new houses, but to get them built on any terms. On this the bye-laws are a tyrannical check, because they are full of irritating and unnecessary clauses dealing with the choice of materials and the manner of building, and are based on the false hypothesis that the dangers which threaten town dwellings are identical with those to be guarded against in wayside cottages and small hamlets. All the security against damp, bad drainage, and impure water that Mr. Bowden Smith asks for could be obtained without the other harassing regulations that really do not help in the slightest towards making cottages more sanitary.

In the course of the ensuing summer it is proposed to hold as usual, at Lucerne, in Switzerland, the annual shooting competition (corresponding to our Bisley, late Wimbledon), to which the authorities of the meeting invite visitors of all nationalities. From June 30th to July 11th it appears that this sporting carnival will go on, and that 800,000 francs are to be given in prizes, for which the foreigner is eligible equally with the native. "Beautiful prizes," says the appeal of the management—hardly addressed to the highest feelings of our nature perhaps—"await you." Further, the management promises that the visit shall be "pleasant and honorific"; after which advertisement it seems difficult to restrain oneself from entering on immediate arrangements to take part in the competition. In giving the announcement this publicity, we believe that we are complying with the request of the management, as expressed to the editor of the *Times*, that newspapers shall "propagate this call."

Some of the papers have been indulging in gentle scorn of the "Poster Academy," as it is called—that exhibition of advertisement posters lately on view at the Crystal Palace. Such scorn is not for the aims of the Academy, which are to bring more artistic work to the making of our posters, but for its chance of success. But why the poster should not be a thing of art, we must confess ourselves unable to see. The poster that attracts by its colour or design will receive more attention than one that startles and repels. The latter may claim a moment's notice on first view, but after that first glance we are careful to see as little of it as may be for the future. Is not "Bubbles" a poster more attractive, more likely to inspire a friendly feeling towards the soap of his bubbles, than the monkey of the other brand? Paris shows us that posters need not be as ugly as most London posters are. All these exhibitions, that educate taste, aid to educate the country out of ugliness.

A very important question was brought before that hardest working of working-men, Mr. Chamberlain, on Saturday of last week by a deputation from the London, Manchester, and Liverpool Chambers of Commerce, and the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. The question, to put it broadly, was the sanitation of the West Coast of Africa seaports. The researches of the scientific have identified the mosquito of a certain family as the miscreant who conveys the yellow fever microbe; hence a great hope that the cruellest of all diseases in that country may be, if not stamped out, at least cheated of very many of its once probable victims. Mr. Chamberlain naturally did not hold out to the deputation the prospect that a sanitary system corresponding to that in vogue in the Metropolis would be applied to the West African problem, but he suggested a composite Commission, to which each of the Chambers of Commerce represented at his deputation should send a member, to go out with some experts to consider, on the spot, the best means of providing such sanitation as the circumstances permit. A great hope that such a Commission will effect good work may be based on the fact that the present room for improvement is practically unencumbered by anything in the shape of sanitary regulations. The immense capacities of all this region, where, amongst other small items, a replica of the Rand mining industry seems likely to develop itself, make this question one of the most important that our ever-harassed Colonial Office has to solve.

Cambridge University made a good show in the athletic contest against the London Athletic Club, but for all that they do not seem to have very much chance as against Oxford in the inter-University competition. These trial matches, so to speak, like the trial cricket matches with the county clubs that precede the inter-University cricket match at Lord's, give the public a better opportunity than they used to have of forming an idea about the relative strength of the athletic teams of Oxford and Cambridge. The former, it is very evident, have an athlete of unusual capabilities and extraordinary versatility in Mr. Cornish; and the high jump, within 2in. of 6ft., that they did at Oxford, cannot even be approached by Cambridge. It is one of

the curiosities of human structure that one year the high jump should be won with 6ft. 3in., or only a fraction less, as in the days of Mr. Brooks of Oxford, and the next year that something like 5ft. 6in. should win. In no other department of athletics is there so great a difference between the best of different years. The Cambridge path is always relatively a fast one, but this year both at Oxford and Cambridge the wet made the paths slow at the time of the University sports.

The Fabian tactics of the M.C.C., who, according to the latest account, have referred the throwing question to a sub-committee that is to confer with the county captains and report back to the general committee, are worthy of the highest praise. It is very important that our leading cricket authority should take no false step. A false step might impair its prestige immeasurably, and we have no other body having authority to put in its place—therefore the result of a false step might be anarchy. And, meanwhile, there is no immediate hurry, provided they give us a definite pronouncement before we begin to play cricket.

Mr. Justice Grantham has been giving to the *Times* some *obiter dicta* about the administration of justice in his own Circuit of Sussex in the older time. He shows satisfactorily that though the most terrific sentences were passed for comparatively trivial offences, they were seldom carried out, the judge at his learned discretion commuting them. There is much in the criminal law, even of to-day, that appears difficult to the lay mind. An habitual burglar is up before a judge for sentence, verdict of guilty being found against him; besides the case for which he has been tried and found guilty, he is suspected (warrants are out against him) of complicity in other burglaries. By the present law, and by the present custom, the judge is permitted to "take into account" these outstanding warrants in passing sentence. To the lay mind nothing can appear more iniquitous or more ludicrous than a judge "taking into account," in passing sentence, charges in respect of which he has no means of knowing whether they are absolutely correct, or absolutely fictitious—even the depositions before the magistrates have not been taken. If the man be innocent of these charges, how cruel that they should be "taken into account" against him! Mr. Justice Grantham almost pathetically asks the public to amend its views of judges' justice. There are, however, anomalies that continue to perplex the lay mind, and amongst them the anomaly that one judge's justice seems to differ so widely from another's.

We are afraid the pretty suggestion of the London Parks Committee, that butterflies should be encouraged to breed in the public gardens, is like a good many municipal ideas—well meant, but useless. Suppose the various food-plants were there, and in really wild borders was "a nice arrangement of nettles, thistles, docks, clover buds, wild carrot, wild mustard, mallow and mullein," what then? It were easy to get larvæ, and let the insects hatch out, but how insure their remaining? Your butterfly as a rule is a wandering creature, and is not content to hover all day above a few square yards of its food-plant. It would be off in search of pastures new, and soon find itself, very literally, in the street. The experiment has very frequently been tried with rare birds, but without any conspicuous success. Eggs hatch out all right, then come the cheepers, and presently some get the use of their wings, and if they did not do so before, now set off on a ramble, and the place that knew them knows them no more. Nor would people who happen to have gardens near the parks greatly admire this proposed municipalisation of weeds, unless, indeed, plants and insects alike were surrounded with a net of gauze to prevent the seeds being blown, and the butterflies flying, away. The Parks Committee must try again, and next time endeavour to have some good sense at the back of their fancy.

After all, civilisation has some disadvantages. A thousand years ago showers of red rain and red snow would have been looked upon as most dreadful auguries—zealots, prophets, teachers, would have read into them the most terrible meanings. Now we take up a morning paper and learn that for the first time in history red snow has fallen on the higher peaks of the Jura System. The Chasseron, near Yverdon, is white up to 4,000ft., and then, as the picturesque reporter says, "it becomes red from that point to the summit, forming in the crisp frozen air of the mountain a roseate transparency of dazzling beauty." If an event that once would have struck terror into every household be noticed at all, it is probably somewhat in this manner: Paterfamilias is glancing at the newspaper at breakfast. "Listen to this," he says to the wife of his bosom. "More coffee, thank you; what an extraordinary shower!" and he reads the paragraph. "How charming!" she dutifully replies. "Won't you have an egg, dear?" For we live in a scientific age, and the youngest son still at school can tell them it all came from an African whirlwind that caught up the red dust of the desert. So nothing is any longer magnificent because nothing is unknown.

A correspondent sends us a cutting, probably from a Hampshire journal, concerning the very curious parish of Upper Eldon, five miles from Romsey, which has a population of ten. The church, which is eleventh century, is in the centre of the farmyard of one of the two houses which are in the parish, and the farmyard serves on occasion for a burial ground. The living, which nobody holds at present, is worth £45 per year, but there are no services unless the parishioners happen upon a willing clergyman who may, perhaps, be on a walking tour. Then the bells are rung, and there is a service, irrespective of day or time;

all of which is quaint and interesting. But there is a serious view of the case, too. Clearly the living, so-called, could not be offered to any clergyman by way of reward or promotion, but we honestly believe that there are scores of clergymen, unprovided for and past active work, who would be glad to accept the £45 and could do the necessary work quite well. Such livings are occasionally tacked on to larger ones, and we knew one in Wales, of much the same size, to which the incumbent used to ride after luncheon prepared to hold a service if there were a congregation. It was in that part of Carnarvonshire which is called Lleyn.

CAPTAIN HEYWOOD-LONSDALE'S KENNEL OF POINTERS AND SETTERS.

THIS is the oldest field-trial

kennel of dogs in the world, for although Mr. Whitehouse, of pointer fame, had field trialers before the late Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, he has not kept them up. At least, if he now possesses pointers, and I hope so, they have not been seen at a field trial for many years. Moreover, Captain Heywood-Lonsdale possesses another distinction, I think, although he may not himself be aware of it; he is the only owner of a field-trial winning kennel which has passed to the second generation, as such,



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DUKE AND GABY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and still keeps up its merit. But again I must guard against mistakes, and I speak under correction from Mr. W. Arkwright, whose kennel is, I believe, descended from that with which his mother won many pointer prizes at the dog shows; but I do not think the lady was successful, or attempted to be so, at field trials. There are also, of course, the Bishops, but I do not think any of their well-known dogs descend from many possessed by their father. The

late Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale was a constant competitor at field trials for exactly thirty years, as he began in 1867 by winning a



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THE STRENGTH OF THE KENNEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

second and third in one of the stakes at Stafford—since the National or Shrewsbury—field trials. It is curious that the Kennel Club Stud Book for the period does not tell us whether this stake was for pointers or setters, and as the writer did not see a field trial until two years afterwards, when he entered some of his own dogs and got beaten, he cannot supply the Kennel Club deficiency. However, it was with setters that he first remembers the kennel as a successful one, and with dogs of Lord Waterpark's breed. With these, crossed with his own sort, Mr. Lonsdale won the Puppy Stakes at Shrewsbury two years in succession, which shows very much more than a single win could that the kennel was then very strong in working blood. That was in the years 1874 and 1875, and after that time, for a decade or more, the kennel seemed to be a good deal stronger in pointers than in setters, or it won more with them; perhaps it was that others had better of the latter breed, not that Mr. Lonsdale had worse. Certain it is that it was not until Lord Waterpark presented Baron Doveridge to Mr. Lonsdale, about 1885, that the kennel came again to the front with its setters, as it did that year, with a brother and sister, Woodhill Bruce and Beta, by Baron Doveridge. This was a very big, powerful liver and white setter, with that particularly abundant coat that is often seen in the colour. If anything, he was too heavy



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IGHTFIELD GABY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Lonsdale's executor's sale in 1897, when sixty-two dogs were sent up to Aldridge's. To this last-named dog Mr. Warwick's champion, Compton Sam, owes his existence, so that the two most successful puppies of the past year are from these Ightfield kennel sires.

Woodhill Bruce and Beta were lighter to look at than their sire, and with these two the kennel first seemed to strike out that particular wiry sort of animal that looks as if it could both go fast and last long. Both were very successful at field trials, and at a time when there were a wonderfully good lot of dogs competing. They were both from Mr. Dunville Lee's Norah. Bruce and Beta won in 1885 first in the Brace Stakes at Shrewsbury, then being puppies. The latter won the first setter prize in that year's Derby, and divided first and second in the All-aged or Horseheath Stakes with their pointer kennel companion, Polly Peacham. One of them was again instrumental in securing the Brace prize at Shrewsbury for the kennel in 1886, and also the first for setters, and extra for the best of both breeds in 1888 at the same place. By far the best setter seen out at the Bala field trials last August was Ightfield Gaby, and it seems necessary to give his pedigree in full, first because it never has been properly given, and, secondly, because by it the other pedigrees can be traced further back than I am able to give them. It will be

noticed that in this pedigree, against the crosses which I have placed to indicate field-trial winners, I have also put a number when the winning dogs trace to the lines of the celebrated

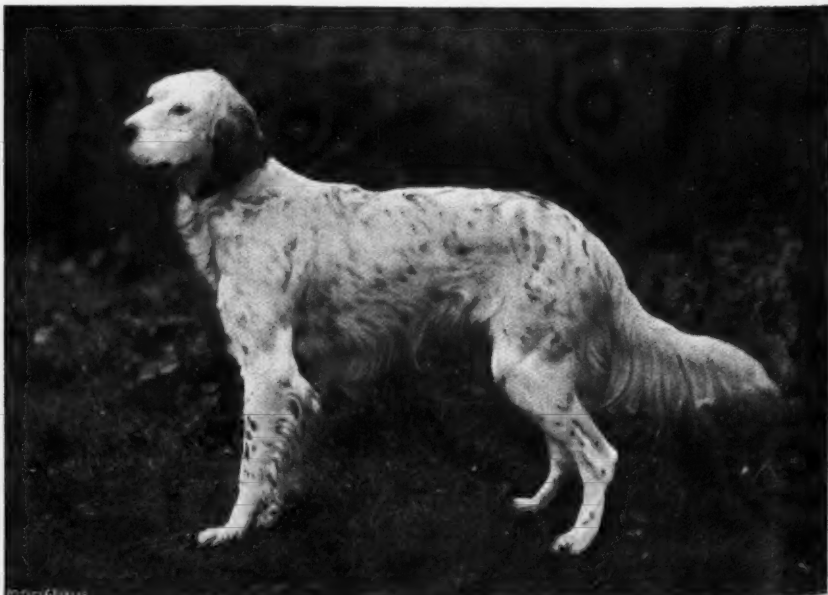


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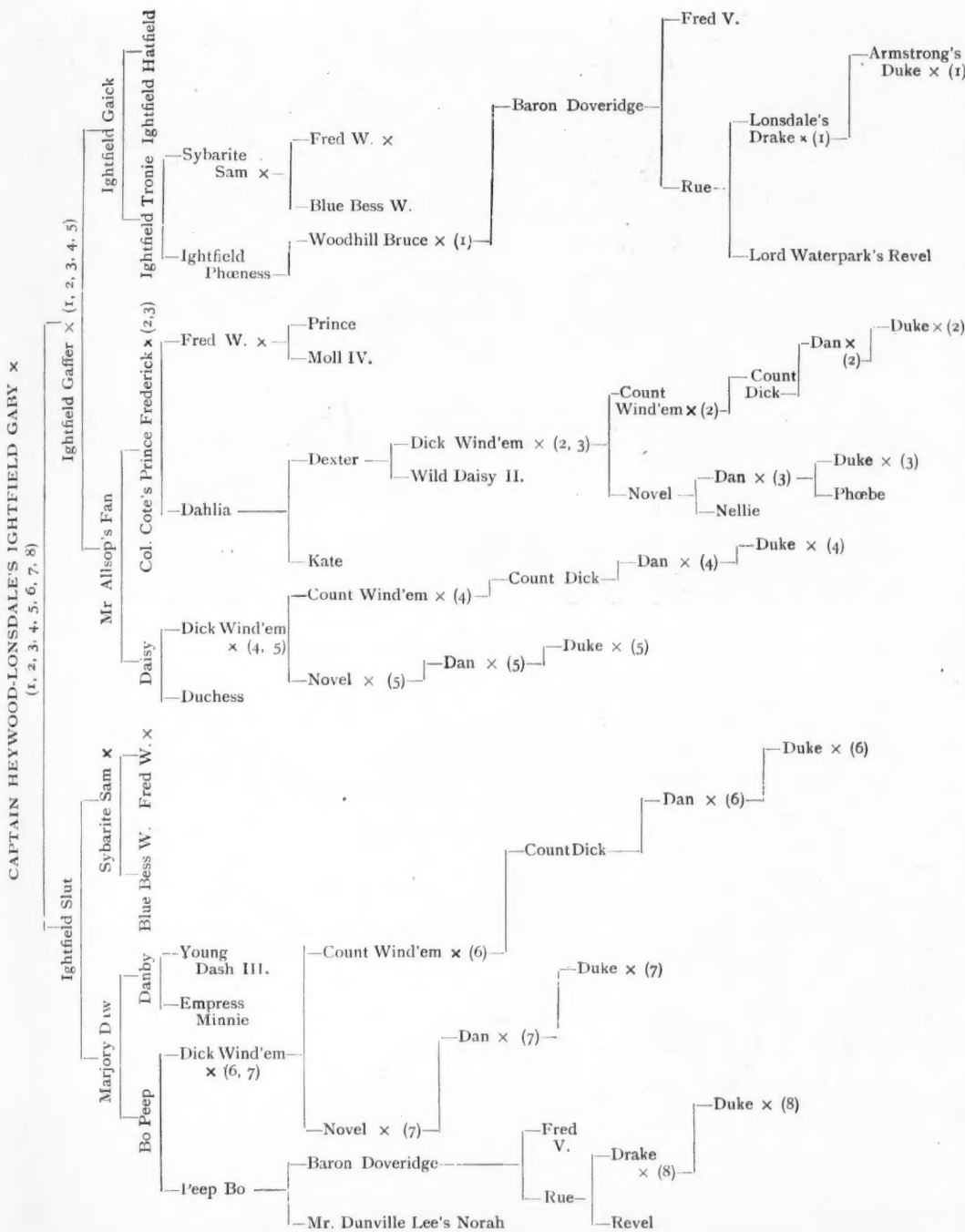
for field trials; but he did not get his proper chances, as he was not broken until two years old. In the opinion of the late Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale and in that of William Brailsford, he was the best dog to kill game to on a moor they had seen. He was not a taking dog to look at, except when in his stride upon a hillside, and I have frequently noticed that this is the test of whether a dog will appear in the future pedigrees of his race. It is far more reliable than the wins at shows, for instance; perhaps it is somewhat equivalent to the ordeal of passing the doctor to get into the Services, only it is much more searching for the discovery of weak spots. Baron Doveridge was whelped in 1879, by Fred II. from Lord Waterpark's Rue, the latter by Mr. Lonsdale's Drake, a Shrewsbury winner in 1871, from Lord Waterpark's Rival. Drake was by the celebrated field-trial winner Duke, sold by Mr. Armstrong to Mr. Barclay Field, a dog which really created several strains of field-trial winners, and it is well to note in passing that it has been by a return to this Duke blood—that is, by introducing more of it through Dick Windem, who strained back to Duke through both sire and dam—that Captain Heywood-Lonsdale's kennel has, in the past year's field trials, become notorious for producing both the two successful sires of the season, viz., Ightfield Gaffer, sire of the crack puppy Ightfield Gaby, and Sybarite Sam, the sire purchased by Mr. Elias Bishop at the late



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Duke. By this it will be seen that Gaby has eight lines that trace to this field-trial crack. I have not hunted out the pedigree of Danby, or I might find another perhaps.

As previously stated, this pedigree shows eight distinct strains of old Duke, the dog before mentioned as having been sold by Edward Armstrong to Mr. Barclay Field. There are many setters with more Duke blood than this, but the point is whether they are not too inbred upon the other side also. This pedigree shows a variety of other strains of good working blood, and it will be noticed that, without inbreeding, sire and dam's side are equally rich in Duke blood. I hope it may be interesting to see how field-trial winners in the pedigree are brought together in Ightfield Gaby, and it is for that reason I have placed a cross against all those in the pedigree (as far as I have carried it back) which I remember to have been successful at field trials. As a contrast to the pedigrees of

show dogs, I hope field trialers will follow this plan.

I am not allowed space to give the whole of the winnings of this kennel; the records would fill the paper, and are to be had in the twenty-seven or twenty-eight volumes of the Kennel Club Stud Book, and I must be content with naming the later winners only.

Ightfield Gaby and Ightfield Duke got first and second in the Setter Club Field-trial Puppy Stakes last spring. At the same time the kennel won second in the Brace Stakes with Dash and Don, since sold to Mr. John Logan, and Ightfield Top won third in the All-aged Stakes. Distemper then prevented the puppies running any more until autumn, when the death of William Brailsford, who had had charge of them for well-nigh thirty years, again prevented them being entered at Chatsworth, so it was not until Bala that they again had a chance, and there Gaby distinguished himself by beating both old and young, just as Compton Sam had done at Shrewsbury, only at the later event Sam was included in the beaten ones, whereas Gaby was not at Shrewsbury.

In 1899 Ightfield Don won the Setter Puppy Stakes, and Ightfield Gaffer was second in the All-aged Stakes.

One of the most valued and now the oldest stud dog in the kennel is Ightfield Tom. He was whelped in 1894, and is still a first-rate dog on the moors. He is by Sybarite Sam from Ight-

field Rosa, by T. Pilkington's Ross from Petti Sing, the latter by Baron Doveridge from Woodhill Norah. Another



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COMEDY AND DRUID.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dog relied upon at the stud besides Gaffer, whose pedigree is given in the table, is Ightfield Top, a son of Tom from South Durham Daisy. He was whelped in 1896.

I have taken so much space to do justice to the setters, whose good looks the photographs declare, that I have very little room to speak of the pointers; the excuse is perhaps a poor one—they have won nothing for the past two years. Nevertheless they are as old as, and at one time were more successful than, the setters; but there has been bad luck with the puppies for two years past. One sire Captain Lonsdale has used is Bonny Dan of Coldhill, first in the Pointer Club Puppy Stakes, 1895, and second in the Shrewsbury Champion Stakes the same year.

Ightfield Druid, by Woolton Druid from Bertha of Drayton, is another sire used, but I believe Captain Lonsdale thinks Ightfield Dick, by Dick III. from Belle of Bow, was the best stud dog of the breed the kennel has had. Another that did a lot of good to the pointers was Bow (1877), by Sam Price's Bang from Leach's Belle. Another celebrated pointer was Peach, by Mr. Pilkington's Faust from Mr. Tom Statter's Patch.

In 1890 the late Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale sent William Brailsford and Cameron to America with a team of ten dogs, and they were, for imported animals, very successful in winning some of the field trials over there. It generally takes some time to get imported dogs thoroughly acclimatised and fit to run when sent from England, so that Mr. Lonsdale's dogs won under difficulties which have hardly ever been attempted with success until after dogs have been some months on the other side. It is a fact, also, that the competition is much more severe in America



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MR. FROST AND HIS CHARGES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

than it is here. If they have not better dogs, which of course is doubtful, they have at least many more good ones, so that the kennel scored by winning as they did some of the best positions. The late William Brailsford, as is well known, was the founder of field trials, and as such his name and influence were always retained on the committee of the National Field Trials. He was a breaker of the old school who never appeared to interfere much with his dogs' work, and yet they always hunted to him. In finish and polish as a breaker he was behind Edward Armstrong and when his dogs won it was because they were naturally the best game finders. Captain Heywood-Lonsdale has a worthy successor to him as a breaker in Frost, but of course Brailsford's combination of character, and knowledge of unwritten shooting and pointer history does not now exist.

G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

CURLING IN THE ALPS.

CURLING and golf have this superficial resemblance, that they are both games over which the Scotsman becomes a lunatic in the eyes of the ignorant, and each has a "tee"; but in curling you play to the tee and in golf from it; and whereas the golfer appears to be

a mild sort of peripatetic idiot following "a pill round a paddock," the curler suggests rather a raving crossing-sweeper, gone frantic because the fine frosty weather has destroyed his occupation. For although you may at intervals observe a person sending along the ice a cheese-shaped stone with a

handle to it, the majority of the players are armed with brooms—though you must be careful to call them "besoms"—with which they perform cannibalistic war-dances, being smitten in the intervals with fits of amazing activity in sweeping up nothing at all from an ice surface like glass. This to the outsider's eye is curling, rightly called "the Roaring Game," for during its progress the Scotsman yells and shouts in a way that he would scorn if some bloody tyrant were merely putting him to the inquisition of red-hot pincers. Even politics take second place to curling; and a mainstay of the Conservative cause was adjured by his brother to absent himself from the party gathering in Edinburgh to take part in a match; because, said he, "I'm thinking ye'll do mair guid at the crampit than wi' the Consairvative party in Scotland."

But the outsider is a person to be pitied; for curling resembles golf also in the absurd fascination which it exercises upon almost every one who tries it. For one thing, it



F. A. Bligh.

"I LIKE IT."

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levels class distinction — "Yon's twa weavers and a mason cursing the laird, and the man wi' the besom is the Master of Cramathie," is the doctor's identification of the players on the Rastice Bog in "The Little Minister"—and it levels personal distinctions, too. The inexperienced weakling who ventures upon cricket, or football, polo, or hockey, very soon finds that he is "out of it," and during the intervals of the game the apologetic humility of his explanations, to anyone who will listen, that he has "never played before," covers a fierce resolve never to play the beastly game again. With golf and curling, however, the novice is unlucky who does not accidentally achieve at least one amazing good stroke; and for this he will take all the credit to himself, nursing its cheerful recollection through weary weeks subsequent of bad play.

And if the curling contagion is catching in Scotland, where it is only by good luck that you get a few weeks of it in the year, and have to take your ice as you may happen to find it, what wonder that it becomes endemic wherever Britons foregather in the Alps, at St. Moritz, Davos, Arosa, or Les Avants, where they can play every day throughout the winter, ON ICE LIKE GLASS. This picture shows us the unpretentious Hotel Kulm at St. Moritz in the Engadin, where the local club affiliated to the Royal Caledonian Curling Club flourishes, and flourishes its besoms, through many merry weeks when the members of the parent institution can only glower at the weather and curse the "abnormal mildness" of modern winters. Perhaps to the punctilious Scottish ear the roar of the roaring game as it is echoed by the Alps may not seem classically correct. When the waning impetus of the stone makes it doubtful whether it will travel far enough, the shout of "Swoop Him!" is raised, instead of the raucous "Scoop hurr up!" that Caledonia stern and wild knows so well. Both cabalistic phrases



F. A. Bligh.

THE ETERNAL ALPS LOOKING ON.

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charm which curling shares with golf, that its devotees can hold communion in phraseology not understood of the vulgar. To the Scotsman this is always comparatively easy, for when two words are available for the same thing his local pride compels usage of the less familiar. And Northern curlers regard it as almost a grievance that we should have stolen the word "rink" to describe our artificial skating surfaces. But we have not borrowed the "hog line," 3yds. from the tee, not to pass which, in spite of "sooping," puts your stone, whether despatched "outwick" or "inwick," out of it altogether. So there are still dialectic charms of the game, which flourish on the braeside beneath Ben Nevis, and may be transplanted to the land of the edelweiss, but are forbidden as Greek to the cockney. Whether this will be so long depends upon the time which it takes for some enterprising London caterer for the entertainment of a vulgar Southern public to discover that a polished oak floor

50ft. in length provides an ideal curling rink available all the year round. During Lord Lansdowne's Viceroyalty in India the ballroom at Viceroyal Lodge at Simla was regularly devoted to the roaring game after dinner; and since even lassies may become experts, and it asks no violent exertion, curling should easily become one of our popular indoor sports.

But the truest delights of the game are found, after all, in the keen, crisp atmosphere, and the exhilaration of outdoor exercise in frosty weather; and where, as at St. Moritz, the ETERNAL ALPS, LOOKING ON, lend dignity to each ambition and achievement of good play, the high-water mark of human pleasure is almost reached. And here, again, the parallel of golf comes in, for good golf links are always situated in good scenery, and though you may fizzle the ball each time until



F. A. Bligh.

A GOOD STONE.

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mean the same thing, however, being an injunction to friends with besoms to sweep away any grains of loose ice that may lie in the way and impede the stone's progress by the fraction of an inch.

But the words used are trifles compared with the game itself, and if the shouts, not only of "Swoop him," but also of "Ice, please," and "I LIKE IT"—please note the attitude appropriate to this observation of the player on the right—puzzle the uninitiated spectator, so much the better. For it is another

you have cursed each club in your bag by name, the charm of the scene through which you are tramping with a frown sinks into your soul and draws you back again to-morrow. If in curling there is less distraction of the mind from misfortune by change of scene, there is the advantage of more concentrated attention by all the players upon each individual's effort; and since failures pass with little notice, since they leave no mark upon the score, there is all the greater joy when the uplifted besoms and striking attitudes

of friends and foes alike announce that you have sent A GOOD STONE to the tee.

Yet another advantage of curling lies in the opportunities which it gives for the display of generalship on the part of the "skip" and in the skilful obedience of his followers. First there is the critical consideration as to what he will decide that you ought to do with your stone, and then the intense curiosity to see whether you will do it. Say it is your turn to make the last effort to win a hard-fought game, and your skip decides that the only chance is to "chop and lie"—for already the others are claiming that they have got the "shot" for certain and proclaiming "We lie!" in anticipation of your failure to reverse the score—if then you can send the stone humming along the ice, so steadily travelling on its own reflection towards the best of the opponents' stones, till it strikes it with a click of victory, ejecting it from its position and usurping its pride of place, then



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AN EXCITING FINISH.

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indeed occurs the crowning moment of AN EXCITING FINISH which you will remember for many years.



BOOK IV.—LOVE'S VICTORY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

MANY gathered to the great tournament proclaimed by the Count of Gersay. For on the mainland in the coast-towns lay an idle host, which William of Normandy was slowly drawing to his banner by promises of land and wealth in England. From every quarter of his dominions he exacted men and ships and gold, but the time for invasion was not ripe, therefore Karadac's challenge rang in ready ears.

The little bay beneath the Castle of Mont Orgueil was full of craft, the huts of Gouray stood bright amongst flaunting pennons, and on the beach with shout and laughter the knights thrust in their boats to land. Some went forward to pitch their tents overnight upon the field, but the chiefest abode with Karadac in Mont Orgueil.

Thence, in the dense blue morning, a lengthened cavalcade wound forth along the northern cliffs to Gros-Nez. A laggard wind puffed in their faces, pennons drooped languorously to the stout ash handles with scarce a flutter, and only a dull daylight flickered upon the polished Poitiers lance-heads; spear and shield, sword and lance, borne by squires after their mailed lords. Here rode the mighty knight of Dol, a man of bold eyes and strong sun-coloured face. And here a fair-beard from Provence, a harper, and a singer who wore a favour bound in blue upon his helmet.

There also passed Gundred in a litter, curtained from all eyes until she should take the place prepared for her beside the lists.

No word had passed between her and her lord, who could not forgive her, yet was ready to defend her with his life against the aspersions of a world. Never had she loved him so utterly as at the moment when they brought her word of that last poignant proof of his deep hurt and noble chivalry.

The lists were set beneath the ruined towers of Gros-Nez; and in the dense blueness of that cloudy day the wide arcs of sea and sky seemed drawn in close about them. At noon all was prepared. Gundred sat on her high chair amongst a bevy of fair and jewelled dames; but one place was empty, the place reserved for Algitha.

On that first day it was announced, with flourish of trumpet, that the Count Karadac would hold the lists against all comers in his lady's name. Therefore, at the appointed moment, he rode out into the grassy oblong of the course to make good his challenge: a splendid figure, clad in close chain mail, bearing upon his shield the three leopards of his cognisance, and bound upon his crest the tall aigrettes of whalebone which proclaimed him haut seigneur of a seagirt land.

The knight of Dol made first claim to tilt before the brunt of battle wore down the strength and skill of Gersay's famous champion, the which was readily accorded.

They faced one the other for a moment, west and east, two mighty horsemen, each with lance in rest, then thundered to the shock. A hurtling rush, a crash of arms, and the two combatants swept on, to wheel and meet again.

Once more they met, and crashed and passed; but the knight of Dol, mounted on his huge Flemish steed, though not unseated, rocked in his saddle as a tower that reels, then dropped to earth. And those who bore him from the field needed not to raise the battered visor, knowing that life was gone.

Others of less note followed, but, though defeated and cast down, none suffered the same dire fate. And Karadac's people jested proudly, and swore their Count dealt gently with the champions from overseas.

So the day waned, and ever between the contests Karadac called to the herald with a question, and ever the herald answered:

"Nay, lord, the sieur Goyault comes not yet"; and at length, "but we have sent a company to seek him."

Then Karadac, on a fresh steed, faced the Provençal, a knight reputed matchless in the jousts. But him also the great Count overthrew, yet suffered some slight wounds before he conquered.

Thereupon broke forth a storm of shoutings, for Karadac was victor in the lists, and Lady Gundred should be forthwith proclaimed as Queen of Love and Beauty.

Then up the length of empty space rode Karadac, ill-content, vexed at soul that Goyault was not come in answer to his challenge, for victory was not victory until they two had tried conclusions, man to man.

So he rode, and, on a sudden, casting his eyes upon the ladies' gallery, saw behind the high chair of Gundred a tall, girlish form, that stood upright, clad in white and blue, with clouds of golden hair, and laughed triumphantly across the open lists in pure pride and faith of love. Algitha, her fears all gone, for Goyault, her peerless lord and champion, must surely win.

Even at this hour the sight of her half unnerved the Count. He felt the aching thrill of one who sees a chance resemblance to the loved and lost, and so turned to meet his enemy.

Goyault rode out resplendent, tossing his lance, and caracoled lightly forward.

"I throw you back your challenge, Count of Gersay, and uphold my Lady Algitha as Queen of Love and Beauty!"

And then, as with one action, each raised his visor and looked deep in the other's estranged eyes. Men say who saw him that the Count looked darker and sterner than his wont, the war-light kindling in his scarred eyes, and round about his tortured mouth gathering the set of his imperious will.

And again the people shouted. It was one of the rare moments when they felt the black Count's heart leaped in unison with their own; when an enlightening gleam, flashing across the perfervid silence of his life, showed them at once the man and leader they had gladly died for. And those about the paling muttered:

"The Count's invincible!"

And some: "Remember Morlaix."

"Saints, how they hate!"

"Aye, so shall we see the stronger blows."

Goyault reined back towards his starting-point at the eastern end, and up before his eyes loomed his broken Castle of Gros-Nez, rents in its mighty walls, and roofless towers gaping up to Heaven; and the unslaked thirst for vengeance rose like a tide within him. Karadac must die!

He gripped hard at the horse between his knees, the same which had carried him with Algitha beyond pursuit from Gouray. Hidden in a serf's hovel, Gilles had cared for it, waiting the escape of Goyault from the Ocean Tower.

The signal pealed out. Both champions spurred forward and shocked, but lightly, for Goyault rode with guile and waited on opportunity. Wheeled and met again; still Goyault held off from the stress of strong encounter.

At length the battle closed, and those who saw it shouted at the strokes. Swift, fierce, and deadly, shock on shock. Men said that never was so long a fight, and yet while they fought a little cloud drifted scarce a hand's breadth in the Heavens.

At length the end drew on. A moment swept Karadac into the heart of battle. He engulfed Goyault, but ever Goyault leaped from peril. But at the last they rode together with mortal purpose. Karadac bore down full stretch upon his steed, and Goyault met him shock for shock in huge concussion. Goyault's lance drove upon the corselet of the Count and splintered there, while Karadac with a mighty thrust of his great arm sent Goyault reeling from his saddle and flung him far. But as the lance broke up within his grasp, Goyault lunged madly with the shattered shaft, and some knife-pointed splinter jerked aside drove deep into the groin of Karadac's black charger. It sprang on, thrown by the momentum of its going, then lurched and plunged shoulder first upon the ground, and with its rider rolled over and over and yet over, and was still.

All the field gazed awestruck upon that fall. And already a slow pool of blood was oozing on the grass, when with a great cry Gundred broke through the barrier to her lord.

Goyault was conquered, and Gundred for her lord's pleasure and in her own despite called upon the heralds to proclaim him victor.

And this was done over the crushed body, and a woman with a breaking heart they named aloud as Queen of Love and Beauty. Yet the title was dear to her even in that hour because her lord had won it.

Knights and barons crowded round the unconscious figure, all save Goyault, who stood aside, and afterwards with Algitha passed across the heath. And nevermore did Goyault look on Gros-Nez.

Tonstain with a gentle hand unbuckled the broken armour of his lord. And Gundred bade them bring her litter, and so they placed him in it, senseless and dark and death-grey, save that his face bore not the peace which comes upon the dead.

Thus with slow steps they bore him from the field whereon he had gained glory. Gundred walked beside him, and after

they had traversed weary miles Karadac moved and groaned, and Gundred stopped the bearers and bent over him to listen.

He lay with closed eyes and murmured, "The lists—their memory comes to me. Who conquered, Tonstain?"

And Gundred answered, "My lord was victor. No champion but was overthrown by his strong arm."

He pressed his pale lips together. "I am glad—for your sake, lady. Is Tonstain near?"

"Here, lord."

"Tonstain, this is the end?"

"Aye, lord."

"Then bear me to the cave of Ulake, for there it is that I would die."

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

So they carried him to Ulake's hermitage.

And presently he gathered power of speech. The old hermit sat upon a stool beside him, his figure with its wilderness of beard etched out against a faint flickering light which sent dusky gleams up and down the dark cavern walls.

"Ulake," said Karadac, "I think I die."

"It may be," said the hermit, heavily.

Karadac looked upwards at the worn and kingly face.

"You envy me, perchance, good Ulake?"

"Nay," said Ulake, "I know not if I envy. To envy would be sin. God draws our path across the sands of life; we follow through a mist that hides the next step onward."

"You know my story, Ulake—how Goyault broke his oath and Gundred betrayed my blindness." The knight's hands gripped at the skins which covered him.

"I think I die," he whispered once again.

Then Ulake rose, and with solemn rites bade him partake of the last comfort the Church sends to her dying.

Thereafter Karadac moved not while the hermit prayed. Then Ulake touched him softly.

"The tide is rising, and with the tide comes a boat that bears the Lady Gundred."

Karadac raised his dream-weary eyes.

"Hermit, I pray I may be dead before she comes!"

"At this last hour, can you not forgive?"

"I forgave her long ago. But I have kept the semblance of my anger. For I cannot love her—nay, I know not why."

"She is most worthy to be loved. Aye, although through love itself she sinned against you."

"Ulake, I have been wrung with pity for her! And had it been within the human power God gave me, I should have feigned a kindness that I could not choose but feel. But through the years long past I could not choose but hate her!"

"And now? For if you die before she comes——"

"Give her some message that will ease her heart. Say anything. The dead are safe."

"I will say to her that you spoke of a shared hereafter, where she held her part. A lie indeed, yet——"

"One of God's lies, for there be such on this unhappy earth." Ulake spoke on.

"Karadac, you have been in all, save the matter of those first wanderings on your way of love, a very perfect knight. Under happier stars you should have risen to an age-long fame."

"Aye, and I am now an age-long scorn, a legend of defeated love!"

And so fell back to silence. Then the hermit turned, and lo! across the darkness of the waters came a little light.

"It is the Lady Gundred," he said. "I will call her from the boat."

The Count's dark head moved restlessly.

"Nay, call her not."

"Have pity, Karadac. She is stricken more mortally at her soul's core than you. Have you no word to give her that may cast some ray upon the shadows of her lonely days in store?"

So Gundred came and knelt all tearfully by the Count, and saw his eyes were closed, but his voice spake in gentleness as in the summer days.

"Gundred?"

"My lord."

"I would ask your pity and your prayers."

And Gundred had no words to answer him.

"I pray you say farewell. Death grows on me. I would not have you see my agony."

Gundred laid a hand upon his brow, and Karadac's voice came forth with deadly pain.

"Lady, there were deeds by which I wronged you."

"The sin was mine. Yet, Karadac, I loved!"

"All is awry. Great woe lies on us both. You did me wrong, or warring fate, or Heaven's purpose—I know not which. Some wanton hand entangled our sad destinies; Goyault and Algitha, you, Lady Gundred, and blind Karadac. Was ever such a tale!"

"Forgive me," whispered Gundred.

"Forgive?" said Karadac. "You to whom I owe such

happiness as dragged me back from death at Gros-Nez to fulfil my written lot! I have commanded Tonstain to uphold you regent in my seigneuries. And now farewell—Death's hand is at my heart."

In a last anguish Gundred bent above him, and from her poor eyes a tear fell on his face. And even in that moment he flinched beneath it, then groaned in utter pain; but Gundred knew the death-clutch at his vitals had less power to wound him than that tear. Softly rising, she went forth, for what farewell could she give to him?

Then, knowing Ulake at his side again, he murmured bitterly:

"O hermit, even now I could not look on her! What fate is this of ours? What is love?—I know not."

And Ulake: "What is love, alas! lord Count? A pulse of God's own heart. But the mortal body is a snare. Would your fair Alghitha have laid so soft a hand upon your brow if you had slighted her? The perfect love is at your will to take. Surely in the deep heart of Gundred you found love fulfilled. Bethink you of the past. Beyond this earth, our poor flesh-temples shed, which will you love?—which soul—which dream—which immortality? For your salvation's sake make answer!"

"Nay, who can answer?" and so for a time lay frowning out the difficult thoughts of one in deathly agony.

"Call Gundred hither"; Karadac's voice.

And she came in trembling.

"Gundred, life is nearly past for me. But think not that I have forgotten. Nay, for when I close my eyes I dream through tears of hours you wot of. 'Twas Love fulfilled indeed. Perhaps in death—"

"O Karadac, have we not spoken of God's beyond?"

"Aye, there be some who tell us of it, as this hermit here. If that beyond there be, I will await you there, and perchance we may be given back the love that broke at Gouray on that autumn day. And if there be no meeting outside this sad earth, then I thank you for your love. I was unworthy of it, Gundred, for it has been a love beyond compare. And so farewell!"

He raised his hands and drew her brow upon his lips, and kissed her.

And Ulake led her forth for ever into a grey morning mist of rain.

EPILOGUE.

LEGEND clusters round the name of Karadac. Its poetry clings about the greatly fortunate and most misfortunate alike. In its long rolls of honour and dishonour only the common-place are dead.

Some say Karadac died with Ulake in the hermitage, and Gundred carried home her dead to the chapel of Mont Orgueil. There they built him a tomb, and hung his arms upon the wall. And traditions grew around him; how on nights when the sand, shifted by the storm, spoke at the narrow windows, the dark Count rose and walked and watched in the stone-built chapel, and, wandering to the arched door, sang high battle-chants. And morning found him at his rest again.

Others say he lived and departed secretly to fight God's battle in the Holy Land, and there did mighty deeds of prowess.

But if the truth be with this tale or that, who knows?

Goyault and Alghitha fled to the Duke in Normandy; and thence to English soil, where Goyault received rich lands and plunder. And they two lived in great content, and Alghitha bore her lord sons, so that Goyault's seed is in the land to-day.

But nevermore Goyault returned to Gersay, for there Gundred ruled. And the great castle of Gros-Nez crumbled from year to year, Time laying his heavy hand upon it. Now, at the limit of the wild heathland, naught but a broken arch stands upright to tell the story of its ruin.

Tonstain also sought the Duke's favour, counselling his way to power, and there was none the Saxons hated so.

Gundred lived long in her own sunny Isle, dwelling in clustered silence, broken only by the tolling of the bells. And in her time she bore a son, who lit for her anew a lamp of hope. So through the years the mornings and the evenings wore away, and Gundred joined the slumber of God's dead.

So runs the chronicle of those who in that Norman dawning wandered in the wild-wood ways of love. And now their voices are a far-off drone, as ours will be, while the same hills that look on us to day will look down on our forgetting. For who will remember us when we have been dead a thousand years?

THE END.

A TERRACE STAIRWAY.

WE have chosen an admirable example of classic garden architecture to present to our readers—the stairways at the second terrace in the gardens of Linton Park, Maidstone. Nothing could be better in the style than these descents, with their various angles to give contrast and character without departing from classic simplicity; contrasting also with the plenteous verdure of that delightful scene. The garden at Linton is rich and beautiful,

and has interests quite its own. The house stands high, and, as Horace Walpole said, "like the citadel of Kent." There lived the brother of his correspondent, Sir Horace Mann, and the inimitable gossip exercised his talents in adding to the interests of the neighbouring church, which lay amid scenes that pleased him so much that he would not have imported thither his beloved Thames. Sir Horace died in Florence, and his body was brought to Linton for burial, with a sepulchral urn which was from Walpole's own design. His description of it is characteristic of the man. It was "adapted from antique columbaria, and applied to Gothic," and the execution of it was entrusted to Mr. Bentley, "who alone of all mankind could unite the grace of Grecian architecture, and the irregular lightness and solemnity of Gothic." On the whole Walpole thought he had united simplicity and decency with a degree of ornament that destroyed neither. We may congratulate ourselves that no Strawberry Hill Gothic, or classic degeneration of that style, is to be found in the fine garden architecture of Linton Park.

AT THE SIGN OF THE ANGLE.—II.

SEVERAL sittings of the Angle Club were occupied in the main with discussion about the sea-bats, sea-vampires, or devil-fish, the *Manta brevirostra* of science, which Mr. Fleg, the club's vice-president, has lately passed his holiday in catching. It appears that the first notice the people of the Mexican Gulf, were chiefly the colossal sea-bat has its home, received of its presence, was in the nature of some extraordinary, invisible influence that dragged out piers of breakwaters and jetties from their places, and again in the extraordinary dragging out to sea against the currents of a small ship or two at anchor in the harbour. Of course it all sounds, to the ears of ignorance—such as in this regard were the ears of most members of our little Angle Club—the wildest romance that ever had been conceived by the imagination of Jules Verne. Accounts of Victor Hugo's monstrous cuttle-fish have been more than confirmed by the portions of cuttle-fish found in the insides of certain whales. Indeed, the wonders of the sea seem so vast and various that no writer or teller of fiction can even vie with their sober truth. The biggest sea-serpent of the "silly season" is probably only a kind of slow-worm in comparison with the real aquatic pythons that dwell in the undiscoverable places and profundities of the ocean. But of all the fish that we know, the cetaceans, which are not fish, apart, none is more astounding in its bulk than this sea-bat of the Mexican Gulf and its neighbourhood, the West Indies, and the coast of Lower California.

It was not, of course, when first the dweller in those parts found his piers carried away, and his vessel going out to sea apparently of its own accord, that he attributed the miracles to their true agency. Most people thought it was the devil that did it, a few had a notion that it might be nothing more than a gigantic cuttle-fish; but by degrees they got sights of a creature by whom the work might more conceivably be done, and at last traced it down indubitably to the big ray, which has a kind of beak, with the mandibles lying in the same horizontal plane, like the two fingers of a forceps, one on each side of its mouth.

"The fish, my dear sir," as Mr. Fleg said, in speaking of these claspers at its mouth, "is named *Manta brevirostra*, meaning short-beaked, is applied in reference to the length of these mandibles. But, as all is relative, so here, these, being short indeed in comparison with the dimensions of the fish, are, nevertheless, of no such stunted proportions, seeing that in my largest specimen, which measured some twenty-one feet long by some twenty-four feet across, the length of each mandible was about three and a-half feet with a width of some six inches. In its mouth, when prised open, a man could have been stowed away with much comfort, but its teeth were small. It would seem that this fish has the instinctive and irrational habit of throwing its feelers, or mandibles, around an object with which it happens to come in contact, and it is by this unreasoning action that it has pulled up the piers of wharves and has towed anchored vessels from their moorings for a considerable distance out to sea."

"I suppose, Fleg," Colonel Burscough said at this point, "that you do not require the dry-fly and the finest tackle in fishing for your friend the sea-bat?"

"Use tarpon tackle and bait with a black baby, I suppose?" his nephew, Master Robert, suggested.

"The sea-bat, my dear sir," Mr. Fleg answered, "is truly a fish; therefore I could not rightly say that one does not fish for him, but it is true to say that it is not fishing in the sense ordinarily understood by you gentlemen of the angle. One uses for him a kind of harpoon, that is called among the local fishers 'grains,' the which is launched from the boat's bows into the fish's bulk and then, 'away you go.'



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THE SECOND TERRACE AT LINTON PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"How much did you say the fish weighed, Mr. Fleg?" young Burscough asked.

"I do not remember mentioning it," Mr. Fleg replied, "and indeed I am unable to tell you accurately; but I should estimate it at something about four tons. I am careful, I think, not to exaggerate."

"Twenty hundred-weight make one ton," Master Bob murmured, not long from school. "Whew—ew," as he did the sum out in pounds.

"I had not the means of weighing it, unfortunately," said Mr. Fleg, "but I fancy my estimate is not much amiss; and in activity, in energy of resistance, and resource, the sea-bat is not inferior, according to my judgment, to the salmon."

"Did he jump clear out of the water?"

"At times some ten feet or so, my dear sir," Mr. Fleg replied.

"Indeed it is the constant habit of these immense creatures to amuse themselves apparently with gambols of this nature. They will pursue one another, to the number of fifteen or twenty together, in a circle, turning somersaults in the water with wonderful agility, at one time showing the dark blackness of their backs, at another the turbot-like whiteness of their underparts. Sometimes, in the still hot night, on the hotel verandah three miles and more away, one would hear report after report, like the discharges of cannon. These are the sea-bats at play in the lagoon, and the report is the sound of their flat mass returning to the water."

"By Jove," Bob Burscough said, "how it must sting."

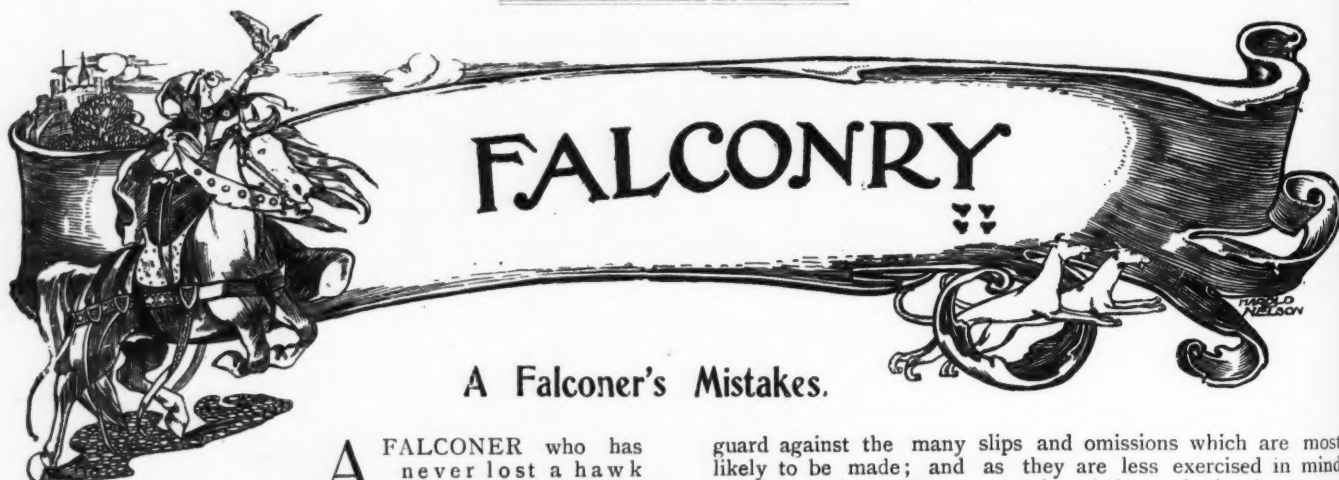
"Unlike some of the ray family, especially some of those that we caught in those waters, these do not seem to have any sting in the tail. There is our own sting-ray, for instance."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, Mr. Fleg," Bob explained. "I meant it must sting the bat going into the water flat. I have done it myself."

"I fear, my dear sir, I do not follow you," the professor said; "but perhaps we may proceed. Imagine yourself, if you will

so oblige me, in a light two-oared sea-boat, your 'grains,' or barbed harpoon, just fast in the flesh of the giant ray. His first impulse is to leap clear out of the water, returning with a thunderous noise and an upheaval of waves that sends you rocking. Another moment and he is away, the line attached to your harpoon is dragged out like lightning, the men bend to the oars to lessen the shock when the line shall run out to the end, but at length the shock must come, for the fish is going immeasurably faster than their rowing. It is the worst moment—the moment of the shock, for it is the moment of the greatest strain that the fish is likely to be able to put upon the line—that checking of the first rush of the wounded fish. Grant that the line holds. Then you begin racing through the water, towed by the giant fish. This way and that he drags you, his runs not the hundred yards runs of our own salmon, who does a great thing if he takes you from the head of a pool down to its foot, but four or five miles or so, it may be out to sea. Then, when he finds that that course avails him nothing, he will turn again; he will come back, and maybe he will race you nearly on to a coral reef. But again he will turn, and each time with lessened strength. Shorter and shorter his rushes grow, and now and again, as he passes the boat, you will have a chance of fixing him with a lance that you hold ready in your hand. It is whaling in miniature, if one can speak of 'miniature' in connection with a fish so large. Loss of blood and his exertions at length tell upon him, till he floats, a helpless mass, and you are able to drag him into the shallows, and thence, with mules and oxen, tow him up on the beach, to wonder at him at your leisure. No doubt you have had your moments of danger. The fish seems incapable of any rational attack, but a chance blow from the fin of so great a creature in its agony may break your light boat into splinters; there is danger of entanglement, as the rope runs out, of upsetting, with the fish's strain upon the line, of filling with water from the waves as the fish alights on the water again after its leap."

"By Jove, uncle, we must go to Mexico."



A Falconer's Mistakes.

carelessness on his part is probably a phenomenon which the world has not yet produced. Most professors of the ancient craft, if they were to speak the truth, would admit that several mischances, and those not the least which they have had to endure, were occasioned by no less humiliating a cause. Old hands are, of course, less likely than beginners to be caught napping in this way. Long habit—and sometimes the bitter remembrance of past accidents—has made it a sort of second nature with them to



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A BOX CADGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

guard against the many slips and omissions which are most likely to be made; and as they are less exercised in mind by doubts whether they are treating their hawks in the proper way, they are less tempted to forget to take or to neglect

the ordinary precautions against a sudden disaster. A young hand is almost always tormented by a fear that he may be transgressing some rule or precept laid down for him by wiser people. He is over-anxious to see that his hawk improves in her education under his care; and while he is racking his brains to explain how some trifle has gone wrong, or groaning in spirit under a groundless apprehension that no progress is being made, he fails to remember

some simple maxim or self-evident principle which must be borne in mind in order to secure him in the bare possession of his winged pupil.

One of the things which makes the practice of falconry so much more difficult and exasperating than that of other field sports is that, whereas a trifling act of inattention or mismanagement in other cases generally entails only an inconvenience of a temporary kind, a similar error in the case of



Copyright **FEEDING HAWK ON HEAD OF QUARRY. "C.L."**

a hawk may mean the total loss of a favourite upon which weeks or months of patient care have been bestowed. In no other case are the results of long and laborious training liable to be so quickly and irretrievably thrown away by reason of a cause so insignificant and unforeseen.

Carelessness is, therefore, perhaps of all faults the one against which the tyro in falconry should most strenuously resolve to be on his guard. The fears which at the outset probably haunted him, and which most of his friends still cherish, lest his hawk should "fly away," or lest he should be unable to "get her back," should not be contemptuously dismissed and derided as soon as he has once flown a hawk or two to the lure. He will find it easy enough to lapse into the complaisant persuasion that a hawk once reclaimed is in no danger of getting lost.

After he has successfully tied up his hawk some dozens of times to the screen-perch, the block, or the bow-perch, he will not be at all unlikely to fall into a hurried and perfunctory habit of making his falconer's knots, and be warned only against the danger he is running by finding his captive vanished without reasonable hope of recovery. Nor is it only in tying the knot so as to make its hold secure that this sort of risk is run. The novice may on occasions neglect to tie any knot at all. He may be carrying a hawk home from exercise, or even from a successful flight in the field, and giving her her rations on the way. He may have carefully hooked the swivel to the jesses and slipped the leash through the ring.

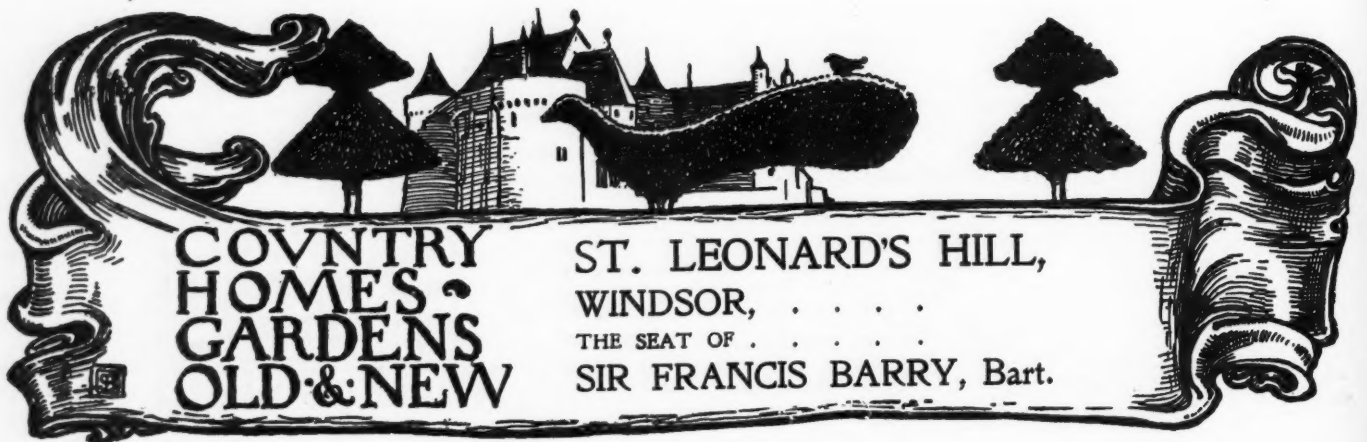
In the second illustration these two operations have been duly performed; but the swivel itself or the far end of the jesses ought to have been grasped in the hand, and the further part of the leash should then have been wound round the little finger so as to form a second and secure attachment in case of the jesses slipping out from within the palm. Here the jesses have not been grasped at all, or, if they originally were so, they have dropped out, as the hawk proceeded with her meal, from the restraining fingers. The leash, too, instead of being tightly attached, has merely been loosely wound round the two smaller fingers. Now suppose that the tiercel, intent at first on the

pelt of the partridge on which he is being allowed to take his pleasure, has gone quietly on with his agreeable occupation, and has swallowed as much of the partridge as will nearly fill his crop; and suppose that when nearing home the fates should ordain that some unusual sight or sound should give him a sudden fright; it is quite possible that, now the edge of his appetite is off, he will make an unexpected jump from the fist, and, his wings once outstretched in his alarm, will start to fly violently away from a place where only a second or two ago he seemed to be quite contented to remain. No jesses check him at his first jump, and by the time he has got as far as two-thirds of the leash's length there is a certain strong momentum on his now rather heavy body. With this impetus, and with both extended wings beating the air with their full force, is it not quite likely that the slack attachment of the end of the leash will be insufficient to keep its hold? If the rather loosely-held fingers straighten out, or the loop round them slips off the finger-tips, away will go the whole leash, and with it the jesses, bell, and the already well-fed hawk. Then lures, live or dead, may be produced. The falconer may, if he likes to waste his breath, call as loudly as he can, and use any effort which he thinks of to bring back the fugitive. The latter, careless of all such attractions, will wing his way to some convenient tree-top or vantage-place, whether near or distant, and plume and shake himself and wipe his beak, and in time settle down comfortably with fixed intention of digesting his food at leisure, and spending the night out. A very simple and easy observance of a rule known to the merest novice—to fasten the jesses and leash securely—would have rendered impossible this vexatious and, perhaps, disastrous *contretemps*.

In the other illustration may be seen an example of another and not altogether uncommon neglect of an elementary precept. Two peregrines—an eyess tiercel and an adult falcon—have been hooded up. Each is fully furnished with bell, jesses, swivel, and leash. They have been deposited on a box-cage, apparently with a view to being taken on some journey. The intention was, no doubt, before a start was made, to attach each leash tightly with a proper falconer's knot to the side of the cage. The tiercel's leash has indeed been already passed through the hole in the woodwork; but in the case of the falcon even this preliminary operation seems not to have been completed. Anyhow, neither leash has been securely attached to the side of the box-cage. Now, of course, as the hawks are hooded, the chances are that if not violently disturbed or alarmed they will stand still where they are. No ordinary cause could induce them, in their blinded state, to jump off or attempt to bolt away. But in falconry, as in other matters, the unexpected does sometimes occur. And if these hawks should be allowed to remain long in this unorthodox situation, chance may so ordain that an uninvited dog or a blundering country lout, prompted by the curiosity which a hooded hawk always seems to excite in the uneducated mind, may come sniffing around or even touching one or both hawks suddenly with strange paw or hand, inspiring a vague terror which will cause the sufferer to bate off. In this case the rash and unlucky creature, sailing upwards in a blind and ill-directed course, with leash trailing behind, runs imminent risk of colliding with some tree branch or telegraph wire or other unseen obstruction. The impetus of the impact, even though the flight is not rapid, may well suffice to cause the leash to coil itself round the branch or the wire and leave the hawk hanging head downwards, fluttering and struggling in a vain endeavour to find a footing, and destined, unless some aid comes with unlikely speed, to die of strangulation or in a fit.

These are instances of a set of so-called accidents which are only the more vexatious because, as soon as they have occurred the deserted hawk-owner feels that by the commonest prudence and attention he could have avoided them. He thinks with disgust and regret of the many trifling details about which he made a fuss, while omitting to be sure about the all-important matter as to how to retain the possession of his hawk. Many other examples might be cited where a temporary want of care is visited by heavy punishment.

The leaving open of the door of a room in which a hawk is moulting, or for any other reason is at large, has led to the permanent loss of a valuable bird. The breaking of old swivels, worn or rotten jesses, the uprooting of iron pegs stuck too loosely in the ground, the rupture of the fastenings which bound the food to the dead lure—all these are preventable accidents which have caused the loss of trained hawks that the owner would not have parted with for love or money. Let the tyro, therefore, while he tries his best to learn and remember the various difficult lessons which he finds are needed for success, keep a still more strict and constant watch that he never for a moment allows himself to be tempted to abandon that very unheroic virtue of ordinary caution. For in the breeding and management of hawks there is nothing else so necessary, so absolutely essential to success, as patience; to lose control of one's self, to get irritable, is often to forfeit in a moment the work of months; and next to patience stands its comrade caution.



A NEIGHBOUR of the royal castle of Windsor, standing in the parish of Clewer, is the house which we depict to-day. It may be appropriate to note that, while the historic home of our King represents, as it should, the character of old England, the beautiful house of St. Leonard's Hill suggests to us the later influences of Italian art and style which have penetrated our national life. Sir Francis Barry's mansion stands upon a notable eminence looking towards Windsor Castle, and it commands a vast prospect of wood, river, and meadow besides in its great outlook over the surrounding country. Perhaps from no other point does Windsor Castle present so fine a picture as from St. Leonard's Hill, whence a romantic prospect is disclosed also of the Thames Valley and the region of Windsor Forest, and further away may be seen Harrow-on-the-Hill and the many heights of Surrey.

Although the aspect of St. Leonard's Hill is modern, the place has a history. Here is supposed to have been a Roman encampment, an outlook station perhaps, and a lamp discovered on the spot was presented by Sir Hans Sloane to the Society of Antiquaries, and was chosen for its device. A Roman road ran through the property, and many legionaries of the Cæsars, dropping the coins of Vespasian and Trajan, have marched that way. Lying within Windsor Forest, St. Leonard's Hill, named after the tutelary saint of the woodland, was known to all our kings, and over its sylvan crest there often floated the sound of the huntsman's horn. Legend says that a hermitage was here, and that a hermitage field and well were evidence of the fact, and it is

easy to believe that some holy man sought seclusion on the hill. Later on a forest cottage or keeper's lodge was at the place, where a substantial house was erected by Maria Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester, which came to be known as Gloucester Lodge. There had been a house of some note on the hill at an earlier time, for hither it is related that the great Pitt retired at one time from the cares of State. The Duke of Gloucester sold the property, then comprising about seventy-five acres, to a Mr. Macnamara for 7,000 guineas, who lived there, but afterwards disposed of it, towards the end of the eighteenth century, to Earl Harcourt. It was later on leased to the Earl of Derby, and in 1852 was in the possession of Mr. Moffatt, M.P. for Southampton. Sir Francis Barry purchased the property in 1872, and has since almost rebuilt the mansion, his architect being Mr. C. H. Howell. Three noble rooms, however, the drawing-room, dining-room, and the connecting music-room, were built by the Countess of Waldegrave, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Sandby, and, with the bedrooms over them, remain as they were in her time. As our pictures disclose, the composite edifice is of an imposing and distinguished character, invested, indeed, with a certain magnificence and dignity which are appropriate to the noble situation. The aspect of the mansion within is as pleasing as the visitor finds it without. From the white marble steps of the entrance hall, he enters the great hall, where eight massive Roman Doric columns are arranged to form an octagon, and a double staircase of English oak leads up to the handsome landing





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THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

they support. Unique slabs of Mexican onyx, some of them of great size, as much indeed as 4ft. 6in. by 2ft. 6in., are inlaid in the walls.

It is unnecessary, however, to describe the many charms of the interior of St. Leonard's Hill. We are in quest rather of the attractions that lie in the gardens without. Largely these partake of the landscape character. On the south-west the terraced lawns merge beautifully into the woodland, while the lawn on the east overlooks the park and woods towards regal Windsor. A terrace extends all round the house, and on the west the lawns below it are diversified by groups of evergreens and flowering shrubs, these gradually leading the eye to the woodland beyond. Conifers and hardy shrubs generally grow particularly well on the hill, although the position is exposed on the east, and the soil is not exceptionally fertile. What Nature does not provide is made good by the exceeding care bestowed upon these attractive grounds, and Sir Francis Barry is rightly proud of his many camellia bushes growing out of doors, which are, perhaps, the



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THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

most important feature among the many beautiful things in the gardens. It is very uncommon to find this beautiful flower thriving so well in the open, except in the south-west of England, but the success attained at St. Leonard's Hill seems to demonstrate its hardiness. Rhododendrons, in the early summer, and azaleas, with their spicy sweetness, are a great feature at St. Leonard's Hill, and *Flavia macrostachya* (the late summer flowering chestnut), yuccas, and roses are among many favourites in the garden.

There are numerous famous old oaks in the ground, which speak of ancient Windsor Forest, as well as sequoias, Californian red-wood trees, beeches, and other notable things on the borders of the woodland. As we pass along we discover hanging between two huge elm trees an old swing that has been there ever since George III., as the youthful Prince of Wales, whiled away many a pleasant hour upon St. Leonard's Hill. The "Hermit Tree" is a huge beech, so-called because of the resemblance that one part of it bears to a man's head, a striking resemblance, indeed, when seen from a particular point.



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A FINE TREE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It would be difficult to exhaust the charms of this attractive place. They will be suggested by our many pictures. It will be seen that exceeding richness is characteristic of the house and its gardens. Green things seem to love to grow there. Here, then, is a place, as Pope says in his "Windsor Forest":

"Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a noble hill."

Nothing is wanting to make this a perfect country seat. Sir Francis Barry is rightly proud of his well-arranged and extensive stables, which he himself designed in a style of archi-



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CREEPER COVERED.

"C.L."

ture perfectly in harmony with that of the mansion. They are kept in admirable order, and accommodate about thirty horses.

The park is extensive and varied in its beauties and attractions. A long drive of about a mile through its attractive scenes brings the departing guest from the mansion to the public road, and he leaves delighted with the many beautiful things he has seen at St. Leonard's Hill.

Sir Francis Barry has represented Windsor in Parliament since the retirement of the late Colonel Richardson-Gardner in 1890. For eighteen years before that time he had lived among his present constituents, and was well known and greatly respected. He had retired to this charming resort from Bilbao in Spain, where he had been engaged in extensive commercial operations, and had acted as her late Majesty's vice-consul,



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A GARDEN WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SPIRÆA ARIÆFOLIA.

"C.L."

afterwards serving as acting consul for the provinces of Biscay, Santander, and Guipuzcoa. The popular Baronet, who received his honour among the New Year's Honours of 1899, is a deputy-lieutenant, a justice of the peace, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, besides having been decorated with the Order of Christ by the King of Portugal in 1863, in which he was afterwards raised to the rank of commander. After settling at St. Leonard's Hill he was appointed consul-general of the Republic of Ecuador in the United Kingdom, and in 1876 was created Baron de Barry in the Kingdom of Portugal.

IN THE GARDEN.

HYACINTHUS AZUREUS.

A WELL-KNOWN flower gardener sends the following note about this pretty spring bulb: "The charm of our earliest blue flowers seems intensified

when we see them revealed with a carpet of snow beneath; the contrast is so beautiful. Few flowers of this colour have an opportunity of thus displaying themselves so often as the little Grape Hyacinth-like Hyacinthus azureus, whose little cones are, as this is written, lifted above a thin covering of cold, clear white snow. Coming at a time so early, its flowers thus appear more frequently with this contrast afforded by the snow than the Scillas or Chionodoxas which follow later. This Hyacinthus is very welcome, not only because of this, but also because it is so beautiful in itself. The colour of the little flowers, densely arranged on the short stem, is practically what it is called in its specific

name, 'azure.' Its lower flowers are, it may be, a little deeper in tone, but those on the upper portion of the spike are a nice sky blue in floral colour nomenclature. The spike is only a few inches high, and so closely resembles that of a *Muscari* that one is not surprised to find that it passes often under its older name of *Muscari azureum*. The leaves are pretty also, with their lorite form and their glaucous hue. It is perfectly hardy, but it has a devoted enemy in the slug, which delights in chewing through the base of the flower-stem whenever it can, and has to be kept off by a notched zinc ring. One also finds it profitable to place a small sheet of glass on a wire glass-holder above in very bad weather. Such protectors are, it must be admitted, not exactly what one would like, but they serve a good purpose in prolonging one's enjoyment of their flowers. *Hyacinthus azureus* is from Asia Minor, and it generally blooms early in February, though occasionally earlier."

LAPAGERIA ALBA AND ROSEA.

"H." sends the following useful note upon these beautiful greenhouse climbers: "The charming blossoms of the *Lapageria* appeal to everyone, that

specimens for planting out, preference should be given to good, healthy plants raised from layers which have not long been confined in pots, for if the roots are too much matted together they seldom take kindly to the new soil, while those with young and vigorous roots will soon take possession. A good variety is also of equal importance, for the *Lapageria* is readily raised from seed, and some very inferior forms are to be met with. The Nash Court variety of *Lapageria rosea* has been extensively propagated, and can now be readily obtained. This is a very desirable form, with a large long flower. The white variety, too, varies in the quality of its blooms, and, to a certain extent, in the foliage, for the leaves are, as a rule, broader and less pointed than those of the coloured kinds; but this does not always apply, for I have met with examples with leaves that resemble those of *rosea*, but with white blossoms. They were, however, less massive, and decidedly inferior to those of the usual form of *alba*. The moisture necessary for the well-being of the *Lapageria* is also very favourable to slugs, which prey on the young succulent shoots, and quickly ruin them. To protect them as much as possible, a good plan is to surround the young shoot

with cotton-wool as soon as it makes its appearance above ground, and also to keep a sharp look-out for these pests. For the introduction of *Lapageria rosea* we are indebted to William Lobb, so well known for his discoveries and successful introductions of South American plants."

A LILY CONFERENCE.

We are pleased to know that the Royal Horticultural Society will hold an exhibition and conference of Lilies on July 16th next, in the gardens of the society at Chiswick. This should be a most interesting affair, as the Lily has not, as far as we know, received the distinction of a conference and show to itself, and those who care for this beautiful group of bulbous flowers should make an effort to attend. Not only will flowers be shown in abundance, we hope, representing the finest species and hybrids, but papers will be read by the leading trade and private growers. We hope that as there is time to plant bulbs for producing flowers to exhibit next summer, many will do so, as an important display will extend the knowledge of this family.

THE BUFF-COLOURED LILY.

If the writer were asked to choose one Lily as the most beautiful and satisfactory in all ways, choice would fall upon *Lilium testaceum*. It seems to thrive everywhere, exhibiting none of those bad qualities which make Lilies abhorred, and its flowering and colouring are unusual and satisfying. A well-known Lily grower writes us about this species as follows: "When in bloom there is no other Lily with which this can be confounded, the colour of the flowers being a peculiar yet remarkably pleasing shade of nankeen or buff, against which the bright-coloured anthers stand out conspicuously. Besides the specific name of *testaceum*, this is sometimes known as *Isabellinum* and *excelsum*. When in good condition, the latter name of this Lily is not at all inappropriate, for though, as with all the rest of the family, it varies a good deal according to situation and other particulars, it will run up to a height of 6ft. or 7ft. These tall stems, though sufficiently stout to carry the large heads of blossoms, are not stiff, swaying as they do with a gentle breeze. The leaves are maintained as a rule until the flowering season is over, and on this account it is well adapted for growing in pots, whilst as the flowers are pleasantly, but not at all powerfully, scented, it may be used for decorations in confined places, where some Lilies on this account would be inadmissible. Although generally regarded as a hybrid, between *L. candidum* and *L. chalcedonicum*, the origin and early history of this Lily seems doubtful." Whatever its origin, there is no question about its beauty, and whether massed in the woodland or in the border it is always a picture of soft buff colouring.

VARIETIES OF PERNETTIA MUCRONATA.

The typical *Pernettya mucronata*, introduced from the inhospitable shores of Tierra del Fuego in 1828, was long recognised as a good evergreen shrub, with neat, glossy leaves, pure white flowers, like tiny bells of Lily of the Valley, and a profusion of crimson berries about the size of large Peas. This was the

only form in general cultivation until one day in October, 1882, in the old Council Room of the Royal Horticultural Society at South Kensington (long since demolished), a surprising exhibit from Mr. Davis, Ogle's Grove Nursery, Hillsborough, County Down, Ireland, was brought before the committee. It consisted of about a dozen varieties of this *Pernettya*, and six were awarded certificates. This was in itself remarkable, and we should say that never since that time have half-a-dozen varieties of a hardy shrub been thus recognised at the same meeting. In colour the berries ranged from deep blackish maroon to white. They are the varieties now so popular, and therefore well known, whereas on that autumn day in 1882 they startled everyone by their novelty as well as distinct beauty. The production of these numerous forms represented the patient labour of thirty years, and it is to be hoped that in the end the return was satisfactory. At all events, these varieties are now much appreciated, not only for their beauty out of doors, but also for the embellishment of the



ST. LEONARD'S HILL: THE HERMIT'S TREE.

is to say, when the plants are healthy, for they are frequently met with quite the reverse of this. In common with many other natives of the Andean regions of South America, the conditions under which the plant naturally flourishes are different from our English climate (the humidity being much greater), hence to succeed in its culture much atmospheric moisture is necessary. Disturbance of the roots, too, must be avoided as much as possible, for if the tip of a root be injured it will often die back a considerable distance. Owing to this feature the greatest measure of success is usually achieved when planted in a prepared border, where ample drainage is secured. A compost consisting principally of turfy peat, with a liberal sprinkling of sand, charcoal, and broken bricks, will just suit the *Lapageria*, though some cultivators prefer an admixture of loam. A position shaded from the full rays of the sun, plenty of fresh air, an ample supply of water at the roots (all stagnation being prevented by perfect drainage), and a liberal use of the syringe, are such as the *Lapageria* requires. In selecting

greenhouse or conservatory, in which the attractive berries last for a long time in beauty. Among their other desirable features is the fact that, in common with many of their immediate allies (they belong to the order Ericaceæ), the roots are very fine, and form a dense wig-like mass, so that they can be lifted at almost any season with little risk. This feature stands them in good stead when they are potted up for greenhouse decoration. The flowering period, too, must not be passed lightly over, as the tiny wax-like bells are borne in great profusion, and, in their spotless purity, contrast markedly with the deep green, glossy foliage. It may be interesting to recall the fact that the six varieties which received first-class certificates were—*alba*, *carnea nana*, *macrocarpa*, *nigra major*, *rosea purpurea*, and *sanguinea*, while the variety *lilacina*, from the same source, received a similar award four years previously.

THE LEAVES OF GALAX APHYLLA.

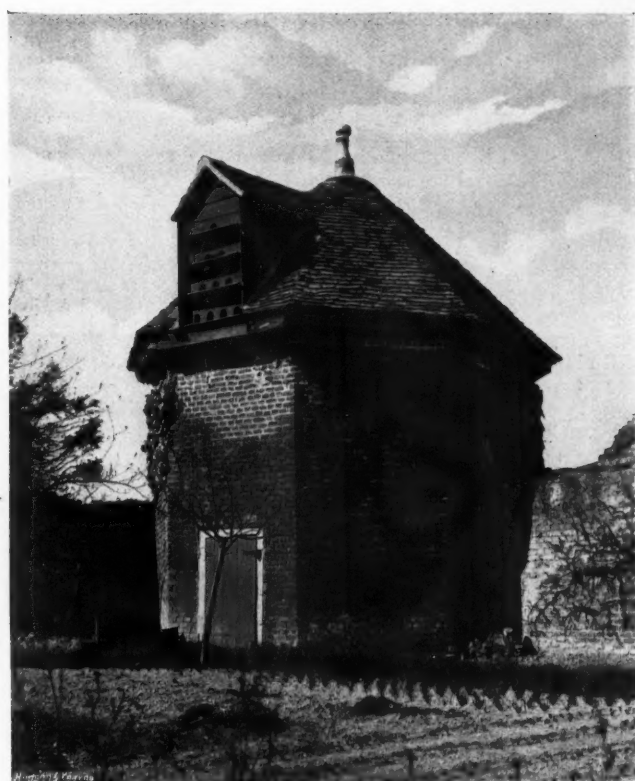
We received a few days ago leaves of this charming little plant; in America they are used extensively in decoration, in wreaths, bouquets, and table adornments. At a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Drill Hall, several plants were shown simply for the beauty of their leaf colouring and form. It is an American plant, the leaves heart-shaped, toothed at the edges, and thin but not flimsy, whilst they are held upon stalks varying from 4 in. to 6 in. high, their height depending upon the position in which the plants are placed. Where possible a bed of moist peaty leaf mould should be given. The white flowers are produced in July, and in winter the leaves are superbly coloured with a beautiful red tint. Not every leaf is a full rich red, but this tint prevails, sometimes confined to the edge of the leaf and sometimes suppressed here and there with a mottling of green. *G. aphylla* is quite hardy, beautiful to look at in winter, and so unusual is its leaf form and colour, that a few tufts may well be grown simply to give foliage for decorations.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Pansies, Violas, and Early-flowering Chrysanthemums: Mr. William Sydenham, Tamworth. Farm Seeds: Messrs. Toogood and Sons, Southampton; Messrs. Little and Ballantyne, Carlisle. Seeds: Mr. John Russell, Richmond, Surrey; Messrs. Charles Sharpe and Sons, Steaford. Bulbs: Messrs. Ant. Roozen and Sons, Overveen, Haarlem, Holland. Chrysanthemums: MM. Vilmorin, Andrieux, et Cie, Paris.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist readers in difficulties concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.

ANCIENT DOVECOTES.

IN the quaint little treatise "Of the Dove Kind" in the first edition of "Bewick's British Birds," the writer wonders how it is that, "considering the lightness of the bodies, the great strength of their wings, and the wonderful rapidity of their flight, they should ever submit even to a partial kind of domestication, or occupy those tenements fitted up for the purpose of breeding and rearing their young." He finds some explanation of this in a surmise that they are not really domesticated, because, as he prettily phrases it, "On the slightest disappointment they abandon their mansion with all its conveniences." Bewick might have been expected to put at the end of this chapter a picture, one of his perfect little thumb-nail sketches, of one of the "mansions with all their conveniences," such as are here shown, for they are picturesque, and have the true spirit of what is both rustic and old. But he seems to have been afraid of growing sentimental, so he put there instead an old



Copyright DOVECOTE OF OLD BASING HOUSE. "C.L."

pig drinking out of a pail! Probably our ancestors did not believe that pigeons easily forsook their established homes. If they had believed it, they would never have built such costly and permanent pigeon-cotes and pigeon-towers. In many parishes the old manor pigeon-houses are the oldest buildings left except the churches. I have known a dozen places also where, when the old hall or mansion was pulled down to build a new and smarter one, the old pigeon-house has been left and still stands. At one manor on the edge of the Yorkshire fen the pigeon-house and garden walls date from the time of King John, the house and every other building from George IV.

A very favourite place for the pigeon-tower was the corner of these old walled gardens. The towers make a most ornamental piece of garden architecture, of considerable size. Such is the DOVECOTE OF OLD BASING HOUSE. This is made to match similar turrets at the other corners of the garden walls. It is built of old red brick, and is an octagon. With the walls, it is almost the only part left of this famous house and improvised fortress, which was said, when the Parliamentarians took it, to have been more like a town than a house. Doubtless the defenders found the pigeon-pies supplied by it of service during the siege. The neat rows of gooseberry bushes, currant bushes, and cabbage plants in the foreground make this a very typical corner of an English kitchen garden. Another and charming example of these garden pigeon-houses is at Lechlade, in Gloucestershire. It is one of the best designs, and one which was popular, for we find it repeated from Sussex to Yorkshire. The ground plan is a square, each face has a gable, and the two lines of roof intersect and form a cross. There is a more ambitious one of this design at Loversall Hall, near Doncaster. At Carswell House, near Farrington, a similar dovecote has a clock dial on one of the gables. A much older class of dovecote is found on some manors. In form and design these are so massive and so simple that they are clearly of high antiquity. They are very thick round towers, with circular conical roofs, which were originally covered either with "slats" of wood or stone flakes. One of the best examples is that at Hurley, near Wargrave on the Thames. It belonged to the Priory at Hurley. As will be seen, it is a remarkable building, both



M. Newcombe.

PIGEON-HOUSE AT LECHLADE.

Copyright

inside and out. It was far too important to be mixed up with garden walls, but stood by itself, near the monks' barn on the flat meadow-land. The outside view shows its solidly-buttressed windowless walls, and the two entrances, one at the top, under the cupola, the other through louvres in a dormer window in the roof, are typical of these buildings, which were well designed for their particular object. The idea of the architects was that pigeons naturally nest in dark caves on the coast. Consequently the inside of the building ought to be as much like a cavern as possible, dark, and full of holes for them to build in. So the walls were made 3ft. thick (4ft. at the bottom), and holes were left in tiers. I believe THE PIGEON-HOUSE AT HURLEY has room for a thousand pairs to nest in. There remains inside the dove-cote THE REVOLVING

LADDER commonly fitted to all these towers. As will be seen from the picture, it revolves on the pole as a pivot. The man who gathers the young birds climbs up and pushes the ladder round by pressing against the wall. Pigeon keeping on this scale was a real help to housekeeping, or the old lords of the manor would not have spent so much money on providing a home for them. The late Professor Thorold Rogers, in his book on work and wages, shows the importance of the



E. Wigram.

THE PIGEON-HOUSE AT HURLEY.

Copyright

birds to a landowner of the fourteenth century. "Generally the lord of a manor had or claimed the right of erecting a dove-cote or pigeon-house on his demesne. Prodigious numbers of these birds were kept, and though they doubtless plundered the lord's fields, they must have been a great nuisance to his tenants. Even if there were no evidence of the number accounted for in the bailiff's roll as sold or sent to the lord, the price, about a farthing each, would show how common they were.

There was hardly a manor without its dove-cote. The right to keep pigeon-houses was confined to lords of manors, who could punish in their own courts anyone who imitated their practice. When, as was sometimes the case, the same parish contained two or more manors, the loss and inconvenience must have been great to the tenants' crops. In the year 1332 the bailiff of one estate accounts for the sale of nearly 700 pigeons."

There is a revolving ladder of the kind in the pigeon-house at Carswell, and another at Coley, near Reading. No genuine old pigeon-house had any windows in the sides, neither were ivy or creepers allowed to grow on it. I notice, too, that when really meant for business they are always quite detached from other buildings. The reason for this was good and sensible. The greatest enemies of pigeons are cats, and, next to cats, rats. If there were a roof, tree, or wall near, or even ivy on the tower, cats and rats could get in. So they were kept detached and bare. At Aspoll Hall in Suffolk the pigeon-house has a moat round it; but it does not appear to have held water, being on high ground; at least it has not done so for a considerable number of years. C. J. CORNISH.



H. W. Taunt.

THE REVOLVING LADDER.

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THE BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

VII.—PARTY-WALLS.

THE regulations as to party-walls undoubtedly conduce to ugliness, and whether they are of real advantage or not is a matter of opinion. No. 25 of the Model Bye-laws lays it down that every person who shall erect a new building shall cause such part of any external wall of such building as is within a distance of 15ft. of any other building to be carried up so as to form a parapet 1ft. at least above the highest part of any roof or gutter which adjoins the external wall. The object of this clause is to prevent fire

from spreading from one burning building to another detached adjacent building, but the Local Government Board has itself recognised that in regard to small houses this danger is quite insignificant. This futile regulation, which conduces to nothing but ugliness, might very well be done without, and accordingly an alternative clause is inserted for the purpose of exempting small buildings such as cottages and applying exclusively to a house more than 30ft. in height. It has not apparently been taken into account that the arrangement is not only fatal to

beauty but is a fruitful cause of leakages. As far as the rural districts are concerned there is no need for anything of the kind, and not a great deal of advantage in it for the town. The next clause, however, No. 26, is much more important. It reads as follows:

Every person who shall erect a new building shall cause every party-wall of such building to be carried up at the least 9in. in thickness.

(i.) Above the roof, flat, or gutter of the highest building adjoining thereto such a height as will give, in the case of a building of the warehouse class or of a public building, a distance of at least 3ft., and in the case of any other building a distance of at least 3ft., and in the case of any other building a distance of at least 15in., measured at right angles to the slope of the roof or above the highest part of any flat or gutter as the case may be.

(ii.) Above any turret, dormer, lantern light, or other erection of combustible materials fixed on the roof or flat of any building within 4ft. from the party-wall, and so as to extend at least 12in. higher and wider on each side than such erection.

(iii.) To a height of 12in. at the least above such part of any roof as is opposite to and within 4ft. of the party-wall.

What is meant will become apparent from a glance at the accompanying diagram, which follows that in Knight's edition of "The Model Bye-laws." The object of the regulation is to prevent the spread of fire from one burning building to another. It is argued that the projecting party-wall ought, if not to shield the other building, at least to give a direction to the flames and make an upward draught. Even if for the sake of argument it be granted that this effect is produced in large clusters of houses, the danger is not nearly so great in single rows. Chester, which never has had any building bye-laws, and, therefore, has not exerted this care over party-walls, never has had a great fire, which seems to show that the Local Government Board has been making a bogey of this danger. All the photographs we show to-day are of old houses that have suffered nothing from the absence of this precaution. But even if some slight measure of increased security be gained, it is, as far as country districts are concerned, too imperceptible to be taken into account, and several disadvantages weigh on the other side, one of which is that the solidity and strength of the building is very seriously impaired by the system



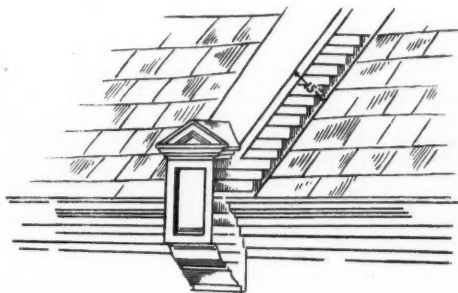
Photo. by

BEER VILLAGE.

Frith and Co.

of cutting through all the beams and work in the middle, which should be their strongest point. The disfigurement is too glaring to need description, and may be studied wherever houses have been erected after the style of the Model Bye-laws. Our first photograph is given as illustrating a case in which the architect, taking advantage of the inequalities of the ground, may escape a regulation that ruins all beauty of proportion. Wherever the

law is too stringent legal methods of evasion will be suggested to the ingenious, but the aspect of the cottages is not enhanced thereby. Take the next photograph, and in your mind's eye plan a protruding party-wall between the cottages, and it will be seen that the effect is practically ruinous. Very easily the effect can be realised by using a piece of tissue paper and fitting upon it the diagram to the roof. It shows a spoiled building, and nothing gained in the way of greater immunity from fire, while the cottage does not remain either so strong or safe as it was before. In thatch protruding party-walls would be unbearable, and we give a couple of photographs in order that



the effect may be studied; but as thatch is an illegal form of roof, we suppose the demonstration is not in this case necessary.

It may be, and has been, asked by our correspondents what precautions we recommend in place of those that are condemned; but it is doubtful wisdom to draw up new bye-laws in a hurry. The faults of those already in existence are mainly due to the

haste with which they were put together, and the omission to consult a sufficient variety of experts. One danger seems to have occupied far too largely the minds of the committee, and there is no denying that in town it is a terrible one. They acted as though the chief end of building were to guard against fire. That is why the building of timbered houses was so ruthlessly discouraged, why thatch was condemned as a roofing, and why those projecting party-walls were insisted upon. It has been shown, however, that there are other and equally great perils to be guarded against, and no one can deny that in the country the danger of fire is very much less than it is in the town. There is no need to exercise the same stringency in erecting a single row of labourers' cottages as is required when blocks of workmen's dwellings are being built. And, after all, fire is one of those dangers that can

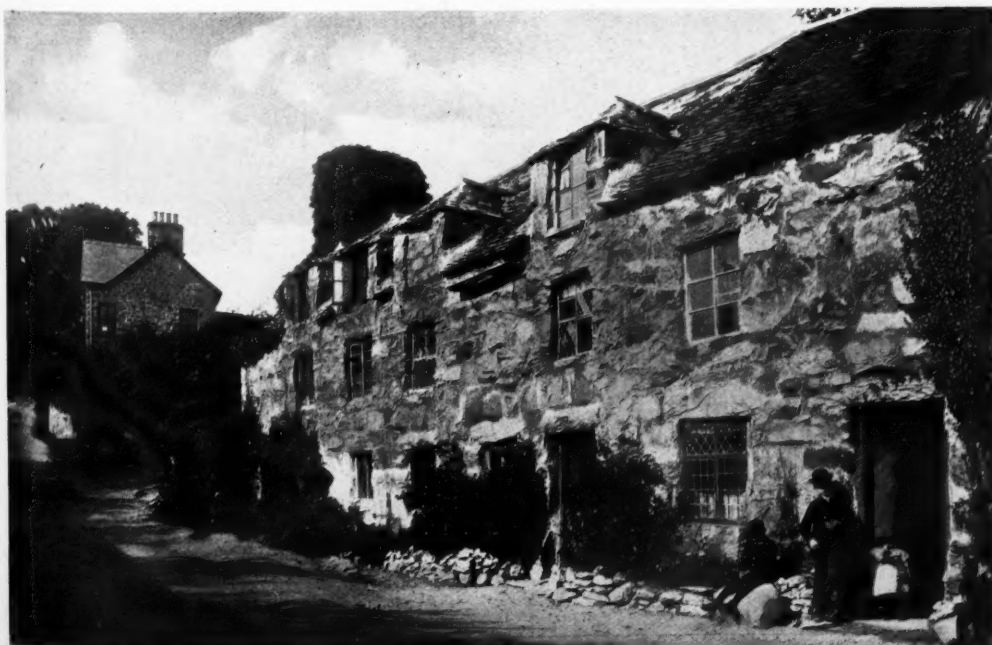


Photo. by

COTTAGES NEAR DOLGELLY.

Frith and Co.

be guarded against by means of insurance. It is certainly not to the interest of the owner that his cottages should be burnt down, and he may fairly be trusted to take all reasonable precautions. Should he fail to do so, the insurance companies will soon let him know. And it is a well-understood and widely-accepted principle of economy, that legislation should never be brought in to accomplish that which would otherwise result from the interplay of well-understood forces. The case of fire may be instructively contrasted with that of drainage or the dangers arising from imperfect sanitation. In the latter the law may very well step in, because few builders or cottage tenants fully understand the more or less veiled threats of fever, or the advantages of ventilation, while the connection between bad air and disease is not so clearly established in the popular mind as to admit of insurance against maladies arising from bad hygienic arrangements. The most competent authorities on rural hygiene say that the bye-laws tend to endanger health. They encourage the erection of a lot of houses together, with quite insufficient air space; while those who find the regulations most irksome are such as wish to put up detached dwellings or double cottages with gardens round them. Is it possible to gainsay the statement that "builders of isolated cottages ought to be allowed to escape from the despotism which is so dear to modern democracy"? Ought they not rather to be encouraged? The question of beauty, again, is not lightly to be discouraged even by the convinced materialist. Many landlords who are hesitating about putting up cottages would do so if allowed to erect what they in reason pleased, but they may be forgiven should they refuse to disfigure their property with cottages that are eyesores, and the party-wall regulations secure that such they must be.

CONCERNING EPITAPHS.

THE death of the epitaph, whether eulogistic or otherwise, is perhaps on the whole not a subject of mourning, but still when one contrasts the unvarying monotony of the bare name and date on the memorial tablets of to-day with the often quaint, sometimes absurd, and occasionally pathetic, inscriptions of bygone days, one feels that the now extinct fashion has some points in its favour.

True, it is not very specially edifying (except perhaps as a warning to



LUCCOMBE VILLAGE.

dressmakers) to the general public to know that a poor man died about a hundred years ago at Sprowston, in Norfolk, through swallowing a pin, or, as his tombstone records it:

"The pains of grief that he was in,
Were caused by eating of a pin."

nor that, in the case of another victim of a painful accident, buried at Croydon, in Surrey, a taste for fireworks was his undoing. Here is his epitaph:

"Underneath this stone doth lie
The body
Of Jack Fry,
Who did die
Of a sky
Rocket in his eye."

But it is interesting to the lovers of biography to note that Mr. John Rush, also of Croydon, began and ended his career in that town:

"Here lies John Rush, and what is rather rare,
He was born, bred, and hanged in our parish."

There is perhaps a touch of malice in the following one on Sir John Vanburgh of Greenwich, a builder:

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy weight on thee,"

and even some rancour and spite about the following (possibly not wholly undeserved) inscription at Attleburgh, in Norfolk, on one John Dowe:

"Here lieth the Dowe who ne'er in his life did good,
Nor would have done, though longer he had stood;
A wife he had, both careful and wise,
But he ne'er would such goodness exercise;
Death was his friend, to bring him to his grave,
For he in life, commendation none could have."

And one thinks better of one's kind,
when one remembers that at
Streatham, in Surrey, is this:

"Elizabeth, wife of Major-General
Hamilton, lies here,
Who lived fifty-five years,
And never did one thing to disoblige
her husband."

This reflects undying credit on the lady, and undoubtedly on the gentleman too! She must have borne a striking resemblance to Hannah, the wife of George Onions, buried in Illington Church, near Leamington, whose husband's appreciation of her wifely virtues found difficulty in expression:

"She was ———
But words are wanting to say what;
Look what a wife should be,
And that was she."—G. O.

In the churchyard of Downham, in Norfolk, is an excellent specimen of the facetious effusions so common at the beginning of the last century:

"Cottons and cambrics all adieu,
And muslins, too, farewell,
Plain, striped, and figured, old and new,
Three-quarters, yard, and ell.
By nail, and yard, I've measured ye,
As customers inclined,
The churchyard now has measured me,
And nails my coffin lid."



LIGHTHOUSE HILL NEAR LOWESTOFT.

At Hearne, in Surrey, is an effusion with a distinctly religious aspiration, which, absurd and strained as it is, is infinitely more suitable for its purpose than many:

"Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A vein of gold, a China dish, that must
Be used in Heaven, when God shall feed His just,"

while at Brockenhurst, in the New Forest, is to be found one of the most touching and pathetic epitaphs surely ever penned:

"In loving memory of our dear old nurse, sixty years in our family.

"On that blessed shore,
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait
Till He—the keeper of the gate—
Lets all the children in."

J. G. L.



AT THE THEATRE

THE revival of "Mamma," at the Criterion Theatre, brings back to the stage one of the funniest farcical comedies of recent years, and one of the most skilful adaptations from the French, by Mr. Sydney Grundy, most skilful of all adaptors.

The way in which he manages to retain the pith of the piece, while discarding the naughtiness which to most of us would have seemed indispensable if anything of the possibilities of the story were to be kept, deserves the warm admiration due to cunning craftsmanship.

The farce has not aged since Mr. John Hare first presented it in English—Mr. Hare, who, for this occasion only, produced rollicking farce under his own management. It has been revived once since then, by Mrs. John Wood, with Mr. Hare in his original part. It is still one of the briskest, most resourceful, and amusing bits of nonsense ever Paris has sent us—and it has not that ugly smirking nastiness in its English dress which usually exists under the pretended innocuousness of translated French farces, wherein the adaptors put their tongues in their cheek, gloss over the improprieties by verbal quibbles, and expect their audiences to see through the flimsy subterfuge and put in for themselves the immorality which the Censor forbids. The spirit is generally retained, though the spoken word is inoffensive enough.

There is nothing of this in "Mamma." But we can see that skill was required to obviate it. A husband has to allow himself to be divorced. The necessary cruelty, of course, is easily managed. But what in the French is the *cabinet particulier* at a fast restaurant, in Mr. Grundy's English becomes an A B C shop, distorted by the malignity of the mother-in-law, whose exaggerations—beginning in malice and ending in self-persuaded belief—the respondent does not contradict, even when they take the form of a private room at the Café Royal. It is very cleverly done indeed.

The idea of a man who, worried out of his life by his wife's mother, permits himself to be divorced in order to recover his freedom, and who, marrying again, after several years of happiness with a lady whom he chose, for one reason, because her mother was dead, finds that his new father-in-law has married his first wife, and that his old wife is now his mother-in-law, and his old mother-in-law is now his grandmother-in-law, is sufficiently funny, when worked out with such animation as Mr. Grundy's, to account for an evening of real hearty laughter. Such is certainly to be enjoyed at the Criterion.

These mercurial trifles demand the most vivacious playing—without this, whatever the author may have provided will be wasted. Mr. Arthur Bouchier has been wise enough to surround himself with an admirable company. He himself, though hardly possessing that lightness of touch which gives us a Wyndhamesque effect, has plenty of high spirits and an abundance of hearty humour which are very acceptable and are quite effective in their own way. His methods demand more hard work than do those of an actor with a more feathery style, but they are pleasing and amusing. Merely to look at Mrs. Calvert as the mother-in-law is to laugh; her appearance as Carmen is the signal for a great shout; her playing is full of a dry sense of fun very valuable to the piece. Mr. George Giddens is always as nearly perfect as possible in this style of play; Mr. Hendrie gives a clever little character study. Miss Ethel Matthews

makes a pretty heroine, graceful and natural.

THE revival by the Benson company at the Comedy Theatre of "Richard II." has not many points of novelty, for the play is represented, as to its chief

characters, by the same actors as performed it at the Lyceum last year. Except for Mr. Benson himself, the principal parts are acted in a very creditable manner indeed, and individually and as a combination the players form strong evidence of the value of "stock companies." In some cases the playing could hardly be improved upon. Mr. Frank Rodney's Bolingbroke is a fine, manly, trenchant piece of work, in which a proper delivery of blank verse does not prevent natural emphasis and intonation. Mr. Rodney deserves much credit for the manner in which he differentiates the method of speech in the various characters he portrays.

Mr. Oscar Asche gives a strong, vigorous rendering to the character of Mowbray, virile, boisterous, terrific. The Gaunt of Mr. Swete, though missing the underlying strength of old



Nadar.

MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

Paris.

Lancaster, is sympathetic, natural, and very human. Miss Lilian Braithwaite makes a gracious and handsome Queen to Richard, delivering the lines sweetly and with dignity; Miss Elsie Chester an earnest Duchess of Gloster. Mr. Benson's Richard shows many signs of thought and appreciation of the author's conception of the weakling; but his acting is a mere mingling of ranting and mumble. Mr. Benson has all the enthusiasm but only a few of the qualifications for an actor of the classic drama—his elocution is most faulty, and his physique is unsuitable to it. His most successful attempts are in "character studies," with nothing heroic in their composition.

A MOST attractive company has been engaged by Mr. Charles Hawtrej for his production of "The Man from Blankley's," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Mr. Hawtrej himself, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, Miss Fanny Brough, Miss M. A. Victor, and Miss Bella Pateman are names with which to conjure money into the box-office. In the play takes the place of N in the *Punch* papers, the Universal Provider is Blankley, not Blankney. As Lord Strathpeffer, the "hired guest" in the house of Montague Tidmarsh, the parvenu (Mr. Williams)—if we recollect the *dramatis personæ* rightly—Mr. Hawtrej should have a part as effective as it is novel. The acts are entitled "Before Dinner," "At Dinner," "After Dinner." A whole act at a dinner-table—if that is what the second is to be—will require very dexterous handling.

Mr. George Alexander has been busy lately. His offer to the Playgoers' Club to produce at a morning performance at the St. James's Theatre a play chosen by the committee of that organisation has been greeted with much rather unnecessary chaff. The idea is admirable, though the choice of arbiters as to the best work does not inspire one with confidence. But it is worthy of Mr. Alexander's reputation as the most earnest supporter of our native playwrights, that he should be willing to take the trouble to lend his assistance in the discovery of real talent among the great Unacted. One would have preferred a more distinguished trial, that is all.

In addition to this, Mr. Alexander has secured a play by Mr. Basil Hood, whose advent as a serious dramatist has often been hailed in these columns with hearty welcome. Mr. Hood, most sparkling and refined of our present-day librettists, has many qualifications for the more "legitimate" drama, as he proved in "Id and Little Christina," that delicate idyll, and as he will prove still further, we imagine, if his working out of his weird and serious murder play is as striking as the plot which we were privileged to have narrated to us. Mr. W. B. Walkes, the author of one or two interesting pieces, has also provided Mr. Alexander with a modern comedy, which we may hope to see in due course. Meanwhile, until the management can cast "Paolo and Francesca" satisfactorily to himself, Mr. Stephen Phillips's play once more vanishes from the realm of practical politics.

Mr. H. V. Esmond some time ago wrote a play entitled "My Lady Virtue," which was accepted for production by Mr. Tree at Her Majesty's Theatre. On further consideration, Mr. Tree came to the conclusion that the subject of the piece was too small for so large a playhouse, and the piece reverted to its author. "My Lady Virtue" has just been secured by Mr. Arthur Boucher, who hopes to present it either at the Garrick or Criterion. Mr. Esmond has provided America with one of the extraordinary successes of last year, "When We were Twenty-one," for which we shall have to wait until its lucky owner, Mr. Nat Goodwin, comes to the Comedy Theatre—after Mr. Forbes Robertson's occupation of that house. Let us hope that Mr. Esmond has given his native land the opportunity of proving in similarly lavish manner its admiration for his work.

The interesting announcement is made that Judge Parry, of the Manchester County Court, whose life of Charles Macklin, the actor, and his fairy tales have already won interest for his literary work, has, with Mr. Louis Calvert, the actor, written a play, entitled "England's Elizabeth," which is to be produced in Manchester at a series of regular performances, beginning in April. It is a story of Leicester's love for Elizabeth, with Amy Rousart left out.

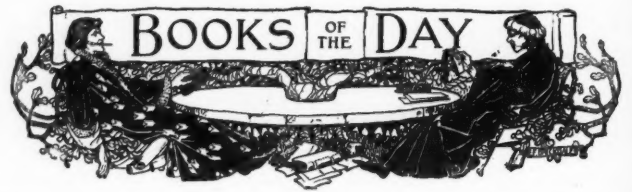
Among the company engaged to appear in the new American musical comedy, "The Fortune Teller," at the Shaftesbury, are none known to English playgoers, but several who are very popular on the other side of the Atlantic. Chief among these is Miss Alice Neilson, whose success in comic opera and burlesque has made her one of the leading exponents of this style of entertainment in the United States. We shall be anxious to make her acquaintance. So far, with the exception of Miss Edna May, the musical heroines sent from the Hudson and its environs have not set the Thames on fire, clever and attractive as several of them have been. We notice the name of Miss Viola Gillette. Is this a daughter or relative of that Mr. Gillette whose "Held by the Enemy," "Secret Service," and "Too Much Johnson" have won such enviable fame for him as dramatist and as actor? If so, our interest will be even keener in trying to trace the influences of heredity.

When Mr. and Mrs. Kendal produce Mr. Egerton Castle's version of his and Miss Castle's novel, "The Secret Orchard," at the St. James's Theatre, they will play, respectively, the Duke and Duchess of Cluny, Charles Henri Stuart, and the lady who, before her marriage, was the American girl, Helen Church. The motto of the play, which explains its title, is "In the Secret Orchard stands the Tree of Death, therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way"—which cannot be described as excessively cheerful.

And so the adaptation of novels to stage use goes on. Well, the more "literary" authors write for the stage, the better for the stage; and, as we have been clamouring for plots and stories in drama, and not mere technique and brilliant dialogue, the novelists—who as a rule have stories to tell—should be welcome. It may be a pity that they do not write direct for the Theatre, but, as it is, they tap two sources of income, so we cannot expect it otherwise, and, in addition to this, a play made from a popular novel starts with an extraordinarily fine advertisement. We have been bemoaning the fact that leading authors do not turn naturally to the stage as a medium of expression, as was once the case when dramatic literature was regarded as the highest kind of literature—but we see again a general tendency in that direction. Mr. Henry James, the late Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Anthony Hope, and Mrs. Clifford have all turned their talents stagewards, and it looks as though the monopoly of the half-dozen prominent dramatists would be broken down in time. But

novelists will have to study the technique, the limitations of the stage, which renders play writing so difficult an art, ere they can compete on level terms with Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, Mr. Carton, Mr. Grundy, and Mr. Marshall.

PHŒBUS.



IT is said that if you keep a thing for seven years some use will be found for it; but the manuscript of "Under England's Flag," by Captain Boothby (Smith, Elder, and Co.), has been kept for sixty-seven years, and now at last, under the supervision of his last two surviving relatives, has found a publisher. Those who have read "A Prisoner of France" will easily understand that the chief obstacle lay in the excessive modesty of the author. He thought himself too unobservant and unintelligent, and that he had not enough of stirring events to chronicle and novel scenes to describe, and so the sheets were allowed to moulder on the shelf. But it was well they should be taken down at last. Captain Boothby had a most engaging personality, simple, natural, brave, and of an almost childlike candour, and he relates what took place under his observation between the years 1804 and 1809 in a manner that will delight those who like an unpretending style and a sincerity that is evident in every line. Very interesting is it to note the contrast between war under Sir John Stuart, Sir John Moore, General Sherbrooke, and their contemporaries, and that of which the leaders were Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Roberts, and Lord Kitchener. On the whole it is the former that is the more exciting; it yields more of the hand-to-hand clash, the splendid charge, and the point-blank fusillade that characterised the old style. We can very heartily recommend this book to students of the Peninsular War and those who love siege, battles, fortunes for their own sake.

In the military discussion arising out of the war and the proposed military changes it is well to hear both sides, and those who are captivated by the general talk about mounted infantry will do well to obtain and read "Yeomanry, Cavalry, or Mounted Infantry," by Launcelot R. Rolleston (Smith, Elder, and Co.). Colonel Rolleston is "a cavalry soldier heart and soul," who is convinced that "whatever mounted infantry can do, cavalry can do better." His little book is a most persuasive argument in favour of letting well alone. The Yeomanry did splendidly in South Africa, and in this mad world he is afraid that this will be taken as a reason for changing the system of training them. We cannot afford space to discuss his reasons here, but give the following lines to show his vigorous style and vivid description: "Never shall I forget the sight I once enjoyed of seeing the whole commando of De Wet gallop past within thirty yards of me at full speed. To see these fine but strange-looking horsemen swooping over the veldt, like a great cloud of birds of prey, rifle in hand, their stolid massive faces and keen little eyes fixed upon their enemy, sitting down in their saddles as they remorselessly drove their horses for all they were worth over rocks and holes and spruits, while their shaggy beards flew back, divided over their shoulders with the wind of their speed, was a sight to gladden a horseman's eye." Against such troops, mounted infantry, "good shots but moderate riders," would, he thinks, stand little chance.

How many years it is since "Ouida" charmed us with "Under Two Flags," or piled up luxuries for us in "Strathmore," or wrung our sensibilities with "Two Little Wooden Shoes"! How heartily we admired her at her best, and laughed at her languid heroes, her florid style, her amazing mosaics of language and learning! The whirligig of time has spun round merrily since then, and staid and sobered most of those who remember the old days—a quarter of a century ago. And the "Ouida" of to-day is vastly changed. In her latest book, "Street Dust" (White and Co.), there is no trace of her former luxuriance, no languor, sensuous or otherwise. Her style is direct, strong, almost bold. She never wrote very hopefully, but this little collection of short stories breathes nothing but the darkest pessimism. Her love of children still persists; they are placed before us in the present instance very tenderly and beautifully; the sun of Italy shines on them, and its flowers are around their feet, but a blind Fate, heedless alike of justice and suffering, snatches them hastily away to prison or death. Four of the five short stories in this volume are tragedies; the fifth, which ends happily, and is not told quite so well, is of a dreamy English child who sought an interview with the Prime Minister on behalf of some poor people, with very gratifying results.

Mrs. Hinkson (better known as Katherine Tynan) is to be congratulated on her latest book, "That Sweet Enemy" (Constable and Co.). It is a charming tale of Irish life, reminding us not a little of the author's description of Slieveghu, Black Mountain: "Black it is, if a pansy is black, and if you can imagine a pansy fretted with rose and silver and gold." There are the usual Irish properties—a decayed family, a feud, races, hunting, gossoons, moonlighters, even a legendary "banshee" is not lacking to fill out the picture; yet they are all so delicately placed and handled that they give you an indescribable effect of airiness and grace. The shadows are touched in almost too lightly; a little more gloom might spoil the glittering effect, but the story would gain in strength and intensity by it. We should like to have dropped into the cosy bookroom at The Rosery and seen the stately little Lady Theodosia with her Irish Grandison, Lord Innishowen, and the happy young people who had the good luck to be brought up by the aristocratic old dame, toast and belle of fifty years ago. Phelim and Shawn are pleasant Irish lads; Decima, honest and tender and true, divides one's heart with Sheila.

Another Irish story, "The Sin of Jasper Standish" (Constable), is from the practised pen of "Rita." It is fairly well written, and the interest never flags, although exception might be taken to the sensational turn of the plot. Jasper Standish, gentleman, and police inspector, finding himself in monetary difficulties, calmly gets out of them by murdering a friend with whom he had been dining, robbing him, and throwing suspicion of the crime on an unpopular woman. As if this strange hero were not yet black enough, the authoress describes him as marrying the fair young daughter of his victim, because a wife may not give evidence against her husband. Of course, justice has her meed in the end, and virtue triumphs tardily. The pictures of Irish peasant-folk are well sketched, and their conversations are bright and rac.

A very different book, yet one of considerable promise, is "Two Sides of

a Question" (Constable), by May Sinclair. The writer has a certain philosophical insight into character, a wit that is somewhat caustic, and at times exhibits a very pretty turn for epigram. Her mental attitude is a little cold and unsympathetic, and her dissection of traits and motives may be scientific, but is also merciless. A trifle more warmth and a good deal of excision—for her style, though undoubtedly clever, is rather redundant—would have improved the book very much. It contains two stories of two very different types of women, the latter, called "Superseded," being the better of the two.

So many emotions have been stirred by the present struggle in South Africa, that it is only natural to expect that many romances will be woven over its history in the immediate future. Mr. St. Aubyn has elected in "May Silver" (White and Co.) to describe the patient suffering of those who have to stay quietly at home and wait while their dear ones go, with heroism in their eyes, to die or live for England. The book begins a little prosily, but the author warms to his work as he goes on, and shows us a very fair, sweet English maiden in his heroine, May Silver; his scenes with the children Peter and Cuthbert are remarkably well done, and show much sympathetic understanding of little folks. The book ends happily, and is eminently readable.

"What Men Call Love" (White), by Lucas Cleeve, is a story of South Africa in the days of Cetewayo, of the lonely troubled life of an Englishwoman with her two children, husband, and servant, in the middle of a vast unpeopled plain. Kaffirs crawl and spy about the place; her husband, surely a very poor specimen of an Englishman, intrigues with a quadroon girl, and very nearly meets his death at her hands. The story is frankly told, and a spade is simply called a spade under any circumstances. There are touches of humour and some knowledge of character.

Patriotism, anxiety, bereavement have quickened the popular appreciation of military men, and in 1901 there is, perhaps, no other class so generally popular. In "A Soldier for a Day" (White and Co.), by Emily Spender, we have no tale of South African heroes, but a very sympathetic and graceful story of the Italian War of Independence. The single-day warrior was a pretty and spirited young girl, who clipped her curls and donned the uniform of a wounded twin brother and fought for Italy in her native city of Perugia. What feats Francesca did, how gallantly she played the man, how all the current of her life was changed by that day's work, one must read the book to learn. Soldiers of many kinds figure in it, and Captain Benedetto Ronaltoni makes an admirable hero of the *sans peur et sans reproche* order.

An American story of the Wild West is nearly always readable, for the material is fresh and unhackneyed still. "The Girl at the Halfway House" (Heinemann), by E. Hough, is a tale of the Western Plains, and has some good writing in it, a considerable fund of dry Yankee humour, and a good deal of racy characterisation. Some of the incidents, such people as Ike Anderson, Carly, Bill Watson, remind one of Bret Harte, but the book is quite an original one, and sure to be enjoyed.

Remorse is an ancient and legitimate passion for the writer of fiction to work on, and in "The Master Sinner" (John Long) it once more proves a fertile theme. The book is "by a well-known author," who, while generally showing a practised pen, splits his infinitives and indulges in other inelegancies that one might say cynically justify the pseudonym. He paints a hell that seems more desirable than the Heaven of convention, and from which a disembodied spirit sends letters to his friend. The letters are sanctioned and in a sense dictated by "the Omnipotent Presence," and it is curious to observe that those who are "down below in their quiet graves" use extremely florid and rhetorical English, which bears a close resemblance to what one finds in a cheap evening paper. However, it is all very thrilling and suggestive, and might while away an hour or two in a railway train with a considerable measure of excitement, tales of love and hate being dexterously intermingled with the speculative theology.



BY the time these notes appear in print the steeplechase season of 1900-1901 will be, to all intents and purposes, nearly finished; for with the National the legitimate portion of the "illegitimate" game—if such a paradox is permissible—may be said to be concluded. It is true that Hunt meetings occur almost daily until early in May, but the interest which they create is purely local, and steeplechasing, speaking broadly, is over at the beginning of April. For the last few years, ever since the National Hunt Committee abandoned even the pretence of a national country, the prestige and the success of steeplechasing have been steadily, persistently, inevitably declining. Not from any lack of enterprise on the part of isolated individuals: not from any want of ingenuity on the part of the limited companies which run many of our best fixtures; not on account of any apathy shown by the general public; but because the right kind of owner is not interested in racing under National Hunt Rules. It may be asked, and with justice, for a person who makes a statement should always be prepared to defend it, "What is the right kind of owner?" And the answer is obvious; painfully, transparently obvious. The right kind of owner is the man who, to some extent, races for the love of the thing; who is not always keeping his weather eye upon the stake; who is not frequently running his horse in public merely for purposes of exercise and without the least intention of even appearing to endeavour to win the race in which he is engaged. And, without mentioning names, which would be both unnecessary and unfair, anybody who thinks for a moment will realise that the number of owners who run horses under National Hunt Rules for purely or even partially disinterested purposes is quite small. Fortunately, in the Duke of Westminster and two or three others steeplechasing has good recruits of the most valuable kind, but the general condition, the general atmosphere, and the general result during the past season have been, speaking as gently and as kindly as the interests of comparative truthfulness will allow, most unsatisfactory.

"Regrettable incidents," to borrow a phrase which our generals have invented, have been frequent and flagrant, and it has only been on very rare occasions that any action has been taken. In and out running is so common over "jumps" that nobody, least of all the stewards, attach any importance to

it; and unless the owner and the rider of the horse which has attracted notice have bungled their work very badly indeed, the inconsistency is never even mentioned. For much of this the war is responsible, since it has withdrawn one of the few healthy elements in racing under National Hunt Rules—I mean the military element. Without this element steeplechasing would indeed fall to a low ebb, and it is not until this saving contingent is withdrawn that we realise what we really owe to it, and to what a large extent we are dependent upon it.

The English Turf has suffered a distinct loss through the death of Sir John Thursby, who died at Cannes on Saturday morning. He was best known to the average follower of racing as the owner of that game old horse The Tartar, who won numerous second-class races with unailing regularity, but who never quite succeeded in bringing off a big thing, although he provided Mr. George Thursby with much valuable experience in the difficult art of race-riding. When the late Duke of Westminster's horses were sold, Sir John gave 7,900 guineas for Calveley, but the purchase proved to be most unremunerative, as Calveley has never won a race since that date. Trevor and Paddy were useful animals, and the last-named won the Manchester Handicap of 1892, starting at the outside price of 100 to 7. As a hunting man, Sir John made himself prominent as the Master of the Western Portion of the New Forest, and previous to that he kept a pack of harriers at Panmure, in Scotland. He was a member of the Four-in-Hand Club and the Coaching Club, and he was also a fine game shot. He was seventy-five years of age at the time of his death, and as grand a specimen of the old school of sportsmen as anybody could wish to find.

Taken as a whole, the Grand National candidates are mediocre, and the scratching of Manifesto has done away with the last winner of the race who might have run, while the death of Hidden Mystery and the scratching of Velox have both helped to make the race more colourless and more uninteresting than it has ever been before. The victory of Levanter would be satisfactory for more reasons than one. In the first place, it would give some much-needed encouragement to those owners who feel inclined to speculate in Australian importations could they but see some faint, far-away hope of reward; and, in the second place, the race would fall to a horse that has not been the instrument of *finesse*, which is quite as it should be. Barsac and Grudon, at the moment of writing, are both certain starters for this race, but in spite of the fact that A. Nighthingall rides Grudon, I cannot see on what grounds he can be considered superior to his stable companion, and if I remember right, on the last occasion on which Grudon ran on the Aintree course he fell down. Of Sir Charles Nugent's horses, Drumcree, would seem to be the best, and Mr. Nugent is sure to ride a bold, dashing, devil-may-care race. This policy, although it does not commend itself to professional jockeys who have suffered broken bones and concussion by pursuing it, is very effective at Aintree, since the person who adopts it generally gets clear of the crowd, which is half, or more than half, the battle in a race in which fully one-third of the falls are caused by collisions.

I notice with interest and satisfaction that the Wye Meeting which took place last week was a great success from every point of view, although the meeting at Wye is old-fashioned and without distinction, boasting no club stands or other creature comforts. The executive concern themselves mainly with practical questions, and the fences are as sure as the National Hunt Committee will permit, and no horse can get his leg under the guard-rail, because the space between the guard-rail and the ground is filled in with turf, and, as an extra precaution, the rail itself is whitewashed. These things may seem trivial and uninteresting to those who merely read, but, as we saw at Sandown the other day, considerable trouble results to jockeys and horses when they are not considered.

Few developments have occurred during the last few days with regard to the Lincoln Handicap, and, to a great extent, this race must always be a "sealed book" to anybody who is not immediately connected with the stables. The incontrovertible fact that last season's form will prove little or no guide to the form of the present season, and the glorious uncertainty as to whether the course will be as hard as a road or as soft as a morass upon March 26th, make it impossible to apply any of the usual tests to the runners. The scratchings, so far, have been comparatively unimportant, although the fact that Mount Prospect has dropped out has troubled not a few people; but Forlanshire, Syerla, Nightshade, Good Luck, and Irish Ivy are all doing well, and I hear that M. Cannon is to ride the last-named.

Evidently the American jockeys have been enjoying themselves during the winter, for news reaches me that at the present moment Lester Reiff weighs very nearly 9st.—which shows a considerable increase upon his riding weight last year—and that "Johnny" Reiff has also put on flesh to no inconsiderable extent. Indeed, he can hardly be numbered among the light-weights at all. Evidently, then, tribulation and much "wasting" are in store for them. Tod Sloan still tells the American reporters from time to time that he expects to find but little difficulty when he applies for his licence from the English Jockey Club this year. Apparently the American reporters believe that this is so; but we are not all gifted with the credulity of an American reporter, and I do not think, somehow, that the American reporters will in this instance have the advantage of us.

There is hope for the incompetent rider yet. A new saddle has been patented to be used by steeplechase jockeys who do not feel perfectly confident in their own capacity for remaining on the backs of their horses. The movement of the weight is automatic, and I understand that the motion of the weight is regulated by the movement of the horse. All of which sounds very sweet in theory, but I very much doubt whether the adaptation of the patent will be universal. Practical men have a weakness for primitive methods.

BUCEPHALUS.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE report has been issued of the Departmental Committee appointed "to enquire and report as to what regulations, if any, may with advantage be made by the Board of Agriculture, for determining the normal constituents of genuine milk or cream, or what addition of extraneous matter or what proportion of water in any sample of milk (including condensed milk) or cream shall, for the purpose of the Sale of Food and Drugs Acts, 1875 to 1899, raise a presumption, till the contrary is proved, that the milk or cream is not genuine." It is a document of great importance to dairy farmers. Hitherto there has been no uniform standard and no uniform system of analysing or testing milk, and the fact is notorious that, rest the blame where it may, on farmer, dairy owner, or retailer, a great deal of adulterated milk and milk of an inferior quality is passed off on the London consumer. But it is not the fraudulent alone who are likely to suffer. Dairy farmers who supply the London markets have in some instances procured cows of the Dutch breed, or shorthorns crossed with Dutch, that give a large

quantity of very inferior milk, and this they increase by a calculated style of feeding. Obviously a higher standard would make their occupation gone, like Othello's.

The committee recommend a very high one indeed. They propose in brief a minimum of 12 per cent. of total solids, of which 3.25 shall be butter fat. It is high, yet not so high as was expected in some quarters, where it was given out that 3.5 per cent. of butter fat had been agreed on. Such as it is, it has provoked two members of the committee to dissent and write minority reports. They are both men of standing in the dairy world. Mr. S. W. Farmer, who, however, signs the main report, recommends seasonal limits, viz., 3 per cent. fat and 8.5 solids not fat for March, April, May, and June; and 3.25 fat and 8.5 per cent. solids not fat for the remainder of the year, or even for periods of six months for each set of limits. He holds that "these would be nearer the limits of honest milk production than the limits suggested in the report of the committee." The answer to that would probably be that in a moderately good herd the percentage would be considerably above that proposed by the committee, which, by having a standard for all the year round, avoids the inconvenience of changing. Milk inspectors and dairymen would alike prefer a fixed limit, and, indeed, that is right from the consumer's point of view. If milk is not good milk in spring without it possesses 3.25 per cent. of butter fat, neither is it in winter; if milk is good with only 3 per cent. of butter fat in one season, it is also so at another. That is the point of view of the average consumer.

Mr. George Barham does not sign the main report at all, but thinks the standard altogether too high. He also is in favour of a seasonal arrangement, and suggests 3 per cent. for July to February, and 2.75 per cent. for March to June. He takes a very grave view of the recommendations of the committee, hinting in no ambiguous terms that, if adopted, they would have the effect of "closing a market to farmers through their inability to milk at equal intervals," of "inflicting hardship on small owners," and of "causing land to go out of cultivation." But surely this is rather a lurid view to take of the situation. The most intelligent dairy farmers of our acquaintance have always expressed a preference for a high standard, particularly if they were scrupulously honest. They do not like to tamper with their milk at all, whereas others who happen to have good cows that yield richer milk than the law requires reduce it by adding separated milk. This is a very undesirable practice of complying with the letter and breaking the spirit of the law. The object of all these regulations is, as far as possible, that the consumer of milk should have the natural article as it leaves the cow, nothing being added, nothing taken away.

There are a few more regulations of a different kind suggested in the report. One is that the "artificial thickening of cream by any addition of gelatine or other substance shall raise a presumption that the cream is not genuine." We hope this will be sanctioned. A minimum of 9 per cent. solids is proposed for skimmed and separated milk. Very pointedly the committee say "it is desirable to call the attention of those engaged in the administration of the Food and Drugs Acts to the necessity of adopting effective measures to prevent any addition of water in separated or condensed milk or other extraneous substance," which is as much as to say that adulteration at present prevails. They recommend, too, that skimmed or separated milk should be "earmarked" by the addition of some "suitable and innocuous substance" for the purpose of identification—a somewhat dubious suggestion. Before they become law these proposals have, of course, to be sanctioned by Parliament, and it will be interesting to hear what our legislators have to say of them.

It is evident that the King is going to be as much interested in agriculture as was the Prince of Wales. His Majesty has intimated to Sir Walter Gilbey his acceptance of the office of patron of the Hackney Horse Society and of the London Cart Horse Parade Society. The King has also intimated that he will continue to act as patron of the Asylum for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb Children of the Poor.

Lord Rothschild is going to have a great sale of Jerseys at Tring on March 28th. He has resolved to sell all females of the first, second, and third year and all the young bulls of 1900. He does not intend to show Jerseys this year.

The annual show of the Essex Agricultural Society is fixed to be held at Colchester on June 12th and 13th, under the presidency of Sir Weetman Pearson, the member for the borough. Over £1,600 is to be given away in prizes, in addition to the usual cups and trophies.

ON THE GREEN.

SOME very good golf is in immediate prospect, and it looks as if the present year meant to make amends to us for a dearth of interesting golf in the year that has gone. For one thing, Vardon is at home again, with the intention of remaining. We hear that great golfing is to be done at Hanger Hill—the names of some of these modern greens are enough to make the corpses turn in the St. Andrews' churchyard. There Taylor and Vardon and Braid and White are to meet, and are to play golf, on May 1st. Under what conditions or in what scheme of matches they are to meet we do not know, but when these four play golf together, under any terms, it cannot help being golf worth going to see. We would suggest, knowing that our suggestion can have no weight, a four-ball match to be played all day. When we have such a quartette as this on the green together, we do not want to have our interest divided by splitting it up into two singles; nor again do we want to see any one of such a four playing only every other shot, as the case would be if we had them in a foursome together. In a four-ball match you have every man playing every stroke, and are able to watch every stroke of each man. On the other hand, if there are more spectators than can see a match properly, then it is better to divide the gallery by dividing the matches.

And, besides, there is talk of an invitation tournament at Richmond—the O'd Deer Park—for professionals, to the number of sixteen, specially asked to compete. Last year a like tournament was held there, with the result that Vardon won, beating J. Rowe, of Ashdown Forest, in the final heat.

Taylor, in preparation for his match with White, played a match at Oxford with J. Sherlock, the local man, no mean antagonist on his own green. Taylor won, but only by the narrowest margin. They ended the first round all even, and were all even again only a few holes from home. Taylor got dorny one, and Sherlock, had he holed a tolerably easy putt, would have halved the match; but he missed the putt, and Taylor won by a hole. Had Taylor not been Taylor, and champion, the odds are long that Sherlock would have holed that

crucial putt. But if prestige makes victory easier to gain, prestige itself is only gained by hardly-won victory.

About this time last year we were asking ourselves what chances there were that Mr. John Ball would be back to play for the amateur championship. It was not only the simple-minded golfer who so underrated the Boers' power of resistance and offence. This year, experience has taught us the futility of that kind of wonder. We hear no news of any probability of the ex-champion's return; and it will come to us as a surprise if we do see his well-known figure on the green in this year's championship.

Taylor has been playing at Bournemouth, playing very finely, and is credited with lowering the green's record with a score of 67. But low as this is, it is within our memory that Taylor himself, when the Bournemouth course was first opened, went round in 64. Probably later alterations have made the course materially different from what it was when opened first—longer, although it is still short. On this assumption it may be correct enough to speak of Taylor's recent 67 as making a new record, in spite of the previous 64, which seems to have been forgotten.

THE HUNTER AND ALLIED SHOWS.

INTERESTING as all the exhibitions of horses which comprise the great annual three weeks' series at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, there can be but little doubt that it is the Hunter Show which appeals most strongly to the country gentleman. This year has proved to be no exception to the general rule, as the hall was extremely well filled each day, the programme being greatly strengthened by the addition of the polo classes, which were introduced twelve months ago as an experiment, and proved so successful that their position is certain to be retained there.

According to the general custom observed at the allied show, the first day was reserved for the judging of the thorough-bred stallions calculated to breed hunters, 113 entries being secured to compete for the King's premiums of £150 each, which are offered for the best horses travelling the different districts selected by the Royal Commission appointed for the purpose. This total fell two short of last year, and it is doubtful whether the quality of the horses regarded as a whole was the equal of that seen on former occasions, but at the same time several of the successful competitors were ideal hunter sires. There is, nevertheless, the fact to be considered that out of the 110 animals—there were three absentees—which actually appeared in the ring, only fifty-five were selected by the judges, Lord Annaly, the Honourable Cecil Parker, and Mr. T. H. Hutchinson, for final examination, and as a round dozen of these failed to satisfy the veterinary inspectors, only forty-three stallions were left in to compete for twenty-five premiums, which is not exactly everything that could be desired. At all events, the casting of twelve thorough-bred sires out of fifty-five compares very unfavourably with the veterinary examination of the Hackneys in the preceding week, as upon that occasion nearly 150 stallions were vetted, and the percentage of failures was only a fraction over four.

It would be quite impossible to deal with every premium winner within the limits of this article, even if it were considered necessary to do so; and consequently only a few of the most prominent of the competitors will be referred to. Prominent amongst these is Mr. A. O. Haslewood's Four Poster, a fourteen year old horse, son of Isonomy and Cosy, a granddaughter herself of that good but erratic horse D'Estournel. Four Poster, now travelling the Yorkshire districts, is a beautifully-shouldered, grandly-topped horse, who has won five times over a distance of ground when upon the turf, added to which this was the seventh occasion upon which he has taken a premium at this show, whilst a further proof of his excellence is that he is sire of his stable companion, Woodstock, who was awarded a premium for the Cheshire district this year. A great horse, too, is Mr. William Wilson's Chibabos, by Chittaboh, dam by Sterling, who is now set down for travelling the Ross-shire, N.B., district, and has already won premiums upon former occasions. This was probably the most handsome and best horse in the show; but he was run hard for good looks by Mr. Haslewood's French-bred chestnut Imprévu, by Archiduc, dam by the beautiful Mortimer, one of the handsomest horses that ever carried silk. This is a magnificently-topped horse, and his shoulders are perfection. He has to his credit a long series of premium victories, and should accomplish much good in the Cumberland and North of England district, as should Mr. Parkin Moore's horse Belleville, by Hampton, dam a Caferer mare, who is also travelling the last-mentioned circuit. An old friend who was also much liked by the public, though the judges this year did not appear to think so much of him as some of their predecessors have, was Mr. Eustace Barlow's Ankler, a 16h. son of Highland Chief, dam a Gladiateur mare, whilst Mr. Hugh Arnold's Q.C., by Wisdom, dam by Parmesan, Mr. J. G. Bulteel's Fellar, by Retreat, dam by Doncaster, and Mr. T. K. Bickell's great leathering Targot, by Goldseeker, dam by Pirate King, all made many friends. Most successful first appearances here were also made by Mr. John Barker's Mark Forard, by Rightaway, dam by Sterling, a horse who should get plenty of support in the Home Counties, which will form his district, and Mr. Henry Walter Gilbey's Rampion, by Amphion, dam by Bend Or, a wonderfully good-looking horse and a stayer on the turf, who will travel the same part of the country this season.

The Hunter Show was held on Wednesday and part of Thursday, the young stock being judged by Messrs. C. B. Robson and T. Wickham-Boynton, and the riding section by Messrs. R. A. Barkley and Owen C. Wallis. The yearling colts or geldings were a very nice collection of twenty-two, first prize falling to Mr. Nickisson's Beech Hill, by Swallowfield, who had won a King's premium on the preceding day, this being a very fine-topped, good-limbed colt, whilst the winner in the two year olds, Mr. C. E. De Trafford's nameless chestnut gelding by Wildfire, looks all over like growing into a weight-carrier of the highest class. There was not, however, a youngster in the show which could compare with Mr. O. N. Holt Needham's two year old filly Chorus Girl, by Pantomime, who last year, won the championship of the young classes, and this year repeated the performance with the greatest possible ease. This is quite an exceptional filly, and she contributed greatly to the victory of her sire in the competition for the produce prize, upon which occasion Pantomime was represented by Chorus Girl, her own sister Dancig Girl, who got a premium in three year old fillies, and half-brother Actor, the winner of the cup offered for the best gelding in the young classes. The riding section of the show was principally noticeable for the successes which attended the stable of Mr. J. H. Stokes, as this well-known exhibitor won the challenge cup for the best mare or

gelding with Royal Flush, and that for the best mare with Romany Lass, Royal Flush, of course, also securing the special prize offered for the best gelding. Mr. Herbert B. Cory showed a fine weight-carrier in St. Doneraile, who won some good prizes last year in other lands without the saintly prefix to his name, and also a very fine horse named St. Donats in the light-weight department, whilst the stables of such well-known exhibitors as Messrs. A. and H. Ward, Mr. J. Wynford Philipps, M.P., and Mr. A. J. Brown were all successful.

The chargers, judged by Viscount Downe and Colonel Meysey-Thompson, were extremely interesting classes, Mr. J. Wynford Philipps, M.P., securing premier honours in the heavy-weight young section with Captain Kidd, by Pirate II., who had been beaten in the three year old hunter geldings by Actor, whilst Mr. R. E. Dixon scored in the corresponding light-weight section with Lady Meta, by Otterburn. First in four year old and five year old heavy-weights was awarded to Mr. J. Hugill's Sockburn, and in the light-weights to Mr. C. M. Prior's Saladin, both of which had competed in the hunter classes without success.

The polo pony department was excellent, and evidently most popular with the public, as the crowd in the hall was very large on Friday afternoon. Captain G. S. Phipps Hornby and Mr. E. Mucklow judged the breeding classes, and made no mistake in placing Sir Walter Gilbey's grand little fourteen year

old Rosewater, by the late Sir Joseph Hawley's old favourite Rosicrucian, in the position of champion, for though age has naturally dipped his back, this great little horse is as fresh and vigorous and beautiful as ever. Premier honours in the not exceeding 13h. 2in. stallions went to Mr. John Wilkinson's Hermit, by the Monk, a real pony edition of a hunter; whilst in the Eastern class the Rev. D. B. Montefiore's well-known Mootrub was properly placed at the top, though Mr. G. N. Midwood's The Bey shows a mass of quality. It may be stated that amongst the stallions beaten by Rosewater was a competitor described as a Basuto pony; he looks far more like a half-bred than the ordinary run of those animals, and therefore, though he was undoubtedly bred in South Africa, it would be interesting to ascertain his breeding exactly. The championship of the mare section fell to the Keynsham Stud's First Flight, a beautiful type of her class, whilst in the young classes Mr. John Barker was pre-eminently successful, as his stable won first, second, and third prizes in both the yearling and two year old sections, Sir Humphrey de Trafford being first and second in the three year olds with his wonderful grey gelding Bobby and bay filly Confidence, both real ponies and both by Rosewater. The riding classes were well filled, the challenge cup offered for the best mare in them likely to breed a heavy-weight polo pony, and the gold medal offered for the best of the competitors, both very properly falling to the Comte Jean de Madre's superb little grey Mademoiselle, by Loved One.

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

A GREAT many people were drawn away from the hunting-field to the Agricultural Hall last week. The Hunters' Improvement and Polo Pony Societies had their annual joint show at Islington. The result of the show, from a hunting man's point of view, seems to be that whatever theoretical advantages there may be to half-bred hunter sires, there is this practical objection to them—they do not exist either in number or quality sufficient to fill even one class. On the other hand, whatever criticism we might pass on the King's premium thoroughbreds, no dispassionate observer could doubt that most of them are likely to be the sires of hunters, and that an excellent stamp of trooper or useful coach horse will be found among the misfits. Such horses as Pantomime, Yard Arm, and others have proved their power of transmitting quality and strength to their offspring. The Hunters' Improvement Society have laid themselves out this year to encourage a good class of mare. To keep good mares in the country, and to strive for their distribution among farmers of the right sort, is the key to the breeding of more and better light horses. Hunter and polo pony studs on a large scale are not likely to be commercially successful, though both are charming and patriotic hobbies for rich men, but the raising of here and there a colt or filly of these breeds is likely to be pleasant and profitable to farmers. One large exhibitor and breeder told me at the show that he was in the habit of securing mares that were disabled by accident and not unsuitable for breeding in



Photo.

WHAT HAS GONE WRONG?

Copyright

his own hunt (a very famous one), and giving them to farmers who were willing to take them. He afterwards bought the produce of these mares when offered to him, if fairly promising, at a price fixed beforehand, which left the farmer a profit. The scheme has worked well, and has greatly increased the local interest in horse breeding. Readers of Nimrod's works will remember how highly Shropshire-bred hunters were thought of in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The work of the H.I.M. has succeeded in reviving the interest of local men in Shropshire hunter breeding. The hunter is naturally a subject dear to hunting men, and I make no apologies for dwelling on it for a short time before turning to my more legitimate topics of the chase itself.

It is the unexpected that happens. March, which is one of the poorest months for sport as a rule, has, so far as my experience goes, proved excellent this year.

The Quorn, starting from Syston Station, a fixture, by the way, extremely convenient for Leicester sportsmen, had a long draw right down to Scaptoft Gorse. This covert has been always full of foxes ever since there was a Hartopp to preserve them. It lies on the borders of the country, almost within sight of Mr. Fernie's famous little covert of Thurnby. The find was a quick one, and under the windows of the grey old hall the hounds ran well towards, but not quite to, Keyham. Then they swung round, and the fox pointed away for the Coplow, thus providing a gallop over a nice bit of country. It is but a short distance, but the fox could not even reach the Coplow, and was fairly run into two fields away. Botany Bay was drawn, and held a fox which proceeded to take us back the reverse



Photo.

WHIP WATCHING FOX BREAK COVER.

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way towards Scraptoft. On the way we clashed with Mr. Fernie's hounds, which were running a Thurnby fox. The two packs combined, and, as if the odds were not enough against the quarry, a cur dog drove him right into the mouths of the six or seven and thirty couple of pursuers. I was sorry to hear from one of Mr. Fernie's followers that Mr. Bentley had had a nasty fall over rails on Monday week, and, though not seriously hurt, will scarcely be in the saddle at Rugby chases.

Lord Fitzhardinge's is a pack of which I have more than once written. It may be said to be a thorough COUNTRY LIFE hunt. The picturesque kennels, almost under the shadow of Berkeley Castle, and the variety of the truly English scenery make it, with the absence of a crowd, one of those countries in which a day will give great enjoyment. More particularly is this the case on the Tewkesbury side, which is justly most in favour with the followers. There was a large field of quite a hundred and fifty horsemen at Hardwick. The Master was out, and Miss Trotter, riding a grand-looking chestnut from the Castle stables, also Colonel Curtis-Heywood, who owned the famous Quedgeley Gorse, planted, if I recollect aright, about four-and-twenty years ago. The country is quite open hereabouts, fair pastures, some plough, and fences jumpable. To tell where the Quedgeley Gorse fox of the day went is beyond me, but I know that he twisted about a good deal. The scent, too, was good, and hounds never threw up their heads for quite three-quarters of an hour. It was one of those runs for which you start full of ride and zeal; your only hope is that hounds will run on. At the end of half-an-hour, when the horse has got some mud on his brow band, and has done some damage with his hind legs, if the crashes you have heard mean anything, your only hope is that hounds will check before you do. Hounds did stop, but not a moment too soon. Several of the field were off in a moment, and the wide-opened nostrils and quivering tails of their horses told of the severity of the run. It was not only a check, but the end of the run, for though hounds worked on for a quarter of an hour more, Rawle had to confess himself beaten at last. I was sorry to hear that Mrs. Williams broke her arm in the course of this good gallop, but, to tell the truth, in a strange country one can see little of what goes on. The railroad at Standish was about the end, and I was not sorry to gruel the horse and start on a longish jog.

The Bicester country, of which you had something of a panegyric in your last issue, deserves all that can be said of it. For the Londoner it means a long journey, but then he is as sure of a good day as it is possible to be. Late in the season, 8.45 a.m. from Euston will take you down in time to trot on to Steeple Claydon, or anywhere in that district. Only be quite sure all your arrangements are perfect, for the man who arrives at the station booted and spurred and finds no horse surely looks foolish above his fellows.



Photo.

A CHECK.

Copyright

carry a good head, are very even in their work, and in covert will tell you where they are. All these are necessary qualities for a pack which hunts such a difficult country for hounds as this. The next fox gave a better scent; at all events, the pace improved, and men began to ride in earnest, taking the fences in the quiet, business-like way of an experienced Bicester man. In a country where you may travel far, where woodlands are deep, and fences fairly numerous, it is well not to go too fast at the latter. A horse collected before he jumps tires himself less, and though steeplechasing over fences is delightful enough, yet with anything over 13st. on his back too much pace jars the horse and expends his strength unduly. Not far from a village this fox scrambled into a drain. Village hunters should be disposed of, and he was. Lunch and second horses brought us to Tingewick, a deep wood that must be drawn thoroughly. We have had a fair day, and hounds have worked hard, yet it is a pleasure to see them draw, none shirking, but all spreading to try for the fox, as if they were just out of kennel. Condition is the very soul of sport in dog or horse or man. All round Tingewick is grass—good sound grass—and carrying a scent. The best of the run was over—at least, I hope so—when the time came to draw rein and make for the station.

The Woodland Pytchley cannot even now make up their minds. Last week it was Mr. Cazenove, now it isn't, or so Market Harborough rumour says. Mr. Fullerton will keep the Badsworth if they can find more money. He is one of the best hound judges we have, and the Badsworth bitches are something to dream of. Some indiscreet person has let out that the King means to keep foxhounds; that, of course, signifies that Mr. Garth's country will be taken. The Master of the Foxhounds will have to take himself more seriously than the Master of the Buckhounds. Even a royal country needs a little nursing. I regret the Buckhounds, and grudge the smallest success to so-called humanitarians who neglect real cruelties for purely imaginary ones. But the change will, perhaps, be popular generally, though not in the old staghound country. Mr. Pennefather, who has hunted a rough country in Cheshire, will now become Master of the North Herefordshire. Captain Stacey is winding up his last season as Master of the North Cotswold in a blaze of sport. X.



Photo.

IN THICK COVER.

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If all is right and the horse not wanting, there is a peculiar exhilaration in the clear bright country air after the detestable atmosphere of London which is denied to the more fortunate man who starts from his country home. Claydon Woods is a name that has no terrors even for the hard-riding Bicester man. Everyone speaks with respect of a Claydon fox as one of the stoutest of his race. However, these famous woods were reserved for later in the day, and Cox took his hounds to Eustace's. Hounds soon found, nor was the fox long in breaking away. The pack, however, could not do more than work out a circular course at a fair pace. It is always a pleasure to see the Bicester hounds at work. They

Our . . . Frontispiece.

LADY EVELYN WARD; whose portrait adorns our first page this week, and that in no conventional sense, is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Erne, K.P., who, in

addition to political office held in England, is well known for his high authority in Orange societies, and of the Countess of Erne, formerly Lady Florence Mary Cole, daughter of the third Earl of Enniskillen. As Lady Evelyn Crichton the subject of our portrait was well known in English and Irish Society. She was married in 1899 to the Hon. Gerald Ernest Francis Ward, of the 1st Life Guards, youngest brother of the present Earl of Dudley.

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TREATMENT OF OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enquiry by "James Cooper" in your issue of the 9th inst. seems to refer to the treatment by fumigation, for which ammonia is used, as I have seen, when the result was highly satisfactory. How this fumigation is obtained I am unable to clearly explain, beyond the fact that the wood is operated on in a closed chamber.—HAROLD MALET.

AN EXPERIMENT IN HOP-GROWING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may interest not a few of your readers to hear of an experiment in the hop-growing line most successfully carried out by a farmer, a neighbour of mine, in that part of Sussex which lies close to the Kentish border. He had a low-lying pasture field, too boggy to be of any practical use. It was even dangerous to turn out cattle on it, except in very dry weather. Then a friend, who had been a hop grower, suggested to him that he should trench it and try hops. He trenched it, two spades deep in the usual way, putting the upper soil below the lower (he had some men practically doing nothing one winter, or probably he would never have made the experiment, and indeed the whole thing was favoured by fortuitous circumstances, without which in all likelihood the triumphant result would never have been attained). Having trenched the field, it was still hopelessly boggy, so that any cart going out on it was "mired up." Therefore he drained it, which made no little improvement; but still it was very boggy. Then came another lucky chance. Hard by he happened to be opening out a sand-pit, and disposed of the upper loam by spreading it over this field, spreading first the part near the entrance, then carting it out over the loam, ever further and further, till it all was covered. And then he planted his hops. For all this trouble he was much laughed at by his neighbours, but he is not of the sort to trouble about that. For a year or two it looked as if his neighbours were in the right to laugh, for his hops made but a poor show. But then came the third fortuitous circumstance—the series of dry summers in which other growers' hops were shrivelled up. This was just what the hops in this field wanted. They flourished splendidly. In 1895 he was pressed to send his hops up to the Agricultural Show, and there he carried off the diploma against hops from all over Britain, from Germany, America, in fact from the world, and the field has yielded great crops ever since. So now he has the laugh—the last laugh that wins—back at his neighbours, and his example may perhaps be of use to others who have a hopelessly boggy bit of low-lying ground that they do not know what to do with.—H. G. H.

THE BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The two following instances of the tyrannical operation of the bye-laws may interest your readers. We lately built a wood and cart shed. It is a substantial structure of elm weather-boarding and oak posts on a 2ft. brick foundation, and the roof is tiled. The only available place we had to put it was near our gardener's cottage, and we could not manage to leave more than 10ft. space between the two buildings without unduly curtailing the shed. I must confess that we knew we were sinning against the bye-laws, but we trusted to the chance of the matter not being thought important enough to make the authorities insist on the letter of the law. So we built the shed; but our hopes were very ill-founded, for in spite of all our protests we were forced to line the walls of the offending building with 4½in. brick, at a cost of £20. To anyone with a grain of common-sense it is obvious that this left it just as liable to catch fire as it was before, if, by any stretch of the imagination, an open shed without a fireplace or flue can be called liable to fire. The whole thing was simply a farce. The second instance was as follows: We were building a covered way to connect the house with a detached studio. The architect, for aesthetic reasons, made the walls, which are pierced with arches on one side, 14in. thick. As it was merely a passage 8ft. or 9ft. high and carrying nothing but a roof, he considered it unnecessary to put in the same amount of footings as if it had to carry two or more stories. But no—this was not in accordance with the precious bye-laws. A wall of a certain thickness, no matter what it has to carry, must have so much footing. So there again we were mulcted in a perfectly senseless manner. "Chairman of a Rural District Council" objects to what he calls "class legislation," that is, to have bye-laws applicable to cottage property only. What is it but class legislation of the vilest description, in action if not in name, when we have laws that, in order to protect one class from the jerry-builder, fine and bully another class whose only wish is to build well? The worst of it all is that the minimum requirements of the bye-laws still leave the jerry-builder free to erect cottages which are abominably ill-constructed, and whose thin Welsh slate roofs—neither loaded nor felted—and gin. walls do not keep out either summer heat or winter cold, to say nothing of their being eyesores. "Chairman of a Rural District Council" remarks at some length that by amending bye-laws we shall not necessarily get architecturally beautiful buildings. Obviously not, and I do not think that anyone has said anything so foolish. Of course beautiful materials are not the only constituent of beautiful buildings, but they help; and will he seriously contend that cob and thatch could ever be as ugly as cheap brick and purple slate? Besides, will he explain why dear ugliness is to be preferred to cheap ugliness, or expensive discomfort to cheap comfort, or no cottages at all to inexpensive though possibly inartistic ones of cob or wood or chalk?—A VICTIM OF BYE-LAWS.

THE EARLIEST LEAFING TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are at the present moment two thorn trees, one on each side of the small gate at the head of the Serpentine, near the fountains, practically in full leaf, though it is only March 19th at the time of writing. These trees are

always the first to come into leaf every year in this part of the park. In the same way it will be noticed that in places some particular beech, or sycamore, or horse-chestnut is a week or two earlier than others. It is curious that this should be so in the case of trees of identically the same kind, and perhaps some reader may be able to say why. I may mention that there is a bush of Glastonbury thorn, which is reputed to be the tree sprung from the rod of Joseph of Arimathea, near the Albert Memorial, which does bud, according to the old tradition, on Christmas Day. I saw the buds the year before last on Christmas Eve. A branch of this tree was sent to the Vicar-General by the Abbot of Glastonbury when the Commissioners were sent round before the Dissolution. Coming back to early trees in general, I believe the American currant is the first to have leaves and flowers together, but am not sure.—C. J. C.

RAILWAYS AND DAMAGE TO CROPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Possibly one or two further points may be of interest to readers of your excellent article on the Bill for compensation for damage by fire caused by railway engines. The value of the land near railways has, generally speaking, been greatly enhanced by the presence of those very undertakings, notwithstanding the fact that from the earliest times railway schemes have as often as not met with strenuous opposition from the landholders for various reasons, and the railway companies have thus been involved in the enormous legal expenses which have been the cause of the disproportionate cost of British railways. This increase of land value might perhaps be credited against the damage done by fires, the origin of which is frequently in doubt. Moreover, in most cases the railways were running through the land before the present landowners were in possession. Anyone not behind the scenes would be astounded by the number of claims tendered to a railway company in the course of a single summer month; and in my experience as a locomotive engineer with one of the great English railways, I have repeatedly come across claims for compensation for damage caused by fires which had been extinguished by the railway men, without any charge being made to the landowners, although this was frequently only effected at considerable expense of time and labour to the company, and the fires were not proved to have been caused by their engines. Such gratuitous acts at least show that the railways can see both sides of the question. Further, the railway companies are among if not the largest employers of labour in the Kingdom, and it is already a most serious problem for many companies to find work during the winter for the men whom they have employed during the summer-time. If, therefore, more men had to be taken on during the period when fires are most frequent among the crops (as suggested in your article), it would be impossible to give them anything but temporary employment, and the difficulties of obtaining such a supply of casual labour at that time of the year are well-nigh insurmountable. Besides, is not a railway above all things the servant of the public, to whose demands all private interests must be subordinated? Now that public unfortunately takes its holiday at the very time when fires among crops, etc., are most to be dreaded, and its holiday rush entails trains whose enormous weight far more than speed is instrumental in causing sparks to be thrown. In short, the Bill would force the railway companies to pay for doing their utmost to meet the requirements of the public at a most trying time. Could it be wondered at if, to keep down the sparks, the railway people do not work their engines quite so hard and unpunctuality results? The burden being accumulated on the great railway systems by the Legislature is steadily increasing, and shareholders need not exclaim at diminished dividends, employees at lessened pay, nor the public at increased rates. Legislative sympathy for the soulful individual against the corporate machine, though excellent up to a certain point, may perhaps be carried too far. On the other side, however, since fires are caused by locomotives, everything should be done to prevent their occurrence, and your urging the adoption of spark-arresters (which were fitted very largely before the decision of 1894) seems only reasonable, although your comparison with American practice would appear hardly fair, since for technical reasons American engines have a much stronger blast than English ones. Why not try prevention—before attempting a remedy that may cause worse evils than it cures—make compulsory the fitting of the most satisfactory type of spark-arrester, or its equivalent, that can be found, even at the loss of some efficiency to the engine? Finally, I have only to state that I have no personal interest whatever in railways, but only desire to see fair play, and to apologise for the inordinate length of this letter.—L. MEYRICK JONES.

HEATING A HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent asks advice as to heating a house. I have interested myself in this question, and much prefer hot air to hot water; the latter continues to heat the air already in the rooms, whereas the former continues to bring in a flow of fresh air heated, which supplies the place of the air forced up the chimneys by fires, and thus prevents the fires drawing cold air into the room through chinks in doors and windows. When I built my house of two sitting-rooms, billiard-room, and nine bedrooms, I made a heating chamber in the basement; a 20in. opening with grating was made in the outer wall; a horizontal fireplace was then built into this chamber to be lighted from indoors. The smoke flue from this was made of very thick iron pipes, and was carried round the inside of the chamber like a corkscrew, and away up a separate chimney. From the top of this chamber glazed drain pipes were laid to carry the heated air to hall, billiard, dining, and drawing rooms, and two bedrooms, a separate line of pipes going to each room. I am thus able to keep the billiard-room up to 60deg. most of the winter; in severe frost a fire is lighted in addition, but this often makes the room too hot. The great expense is in the original outlay; mine cost £76; the weekly cost is from 1s. 6d. to 5s. for fuel. The chief thing to avoid is thin iron flue pipes, which, if too thin, get so hot as to expand the air too quickly, which deprives it of its freshness and renders it more like the air of rooms heated by water. One advantage air has over water is that the rooms are so evenly heated that you feel warm in any part of the rooms. Brass gratings are fixed to hide ends of pipes in rooms, which shut off the inflow of heated air at will. If your correspondent lives near me I shall be pleased to show him my house, and explain its heating.—H. JONAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be very pleased to give your correspondent "Po'sy" of your issue of March 2nd, the benefit of my experience of heating a house by hot air which is automatically humidified in the stove, and the house is ventilated at the same time, and without draught. The cubic capacity of my house is about 32,000ft. This will enable your correspondent to compare it with his. The first time I knew of this arrangement was about the middle of last November. I

went to see one at work, and after careful consideration I decided to put one in. It has been in operation since December 24th, and during that time there have only been two occasions when we have had a fire in a room (except in the kitchen for cooking). My house stands in an exposed position, and gets the wind from whichever quarter it is blowing. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, I have not once felt the cold on getting out of bed in the morning. In January or February during the last two years my wife has been laid up with rheumatism, but this year not at all. I give you below a statement of temperatures of the rooms, not taking the cellars and kitchens:

GROUND FLOOR.

	Hall.	Breakfast-room.	Dining-room.	Drawing-room.
March 5th, 7-30 p.m. ...	54	51	65	55
March 9th, noon ...	56	53	63	58

FIRST FLOOR.

	Landing.	Bedroom No. 1.	Bedroom No. 2.	Bedroom No. 3.	Bathroom.	W.C.
March 5th ...	56	55	52	51	54	52
March 9th ...	61	55	55	56	52	52

SECOND FLOOR.

	Hall.	Breakfast-room.	Dining-room.	Drawing-room.	Landing.	Bedroom No. 1.
March 11th, 8.30 a.m.	57	50	65	56	60	56
	Bedroom No. 2.	Bedroom No. 3.	Bathroom.	W.C.	Bedroom No. 4.	Billiard-room.
March 11th, 8.30 a.m.	55	54	53	52	53	55

The stove is in the basement, and cost £75; the one I went to see costs £40. I estimate fuel (which is coke) at 1cwt. per day of twenty-four hours. It does not require very much attention. If "Potsy" wants any further information I will give it so far as I can, if he sends stamped directed envelope, or would show him mine if at a convenient time to me.—J. A.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of my happy family, which contains several



naturally antagonistic members—cats and birds, fox-terriers and parrots. Their names, starting from the first parrot, are: Coco, Loretto, Dreyfus, Kimberley, Waif, Vixen, Fox, and poor old black poodle Rex, who once went foraging on his own account, and got shot in both eyes, whether by accident or design I have never discovered. Waif has already enjoyed the honour of having his head reproduced in large size in COUNTRY LIFE. Allow me to add that the dog Fox is not quite so stupid as he looks.—I. B. T., Rome, Italy.

PEGGING DOWN ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if you would pick out of the accompanying list those varieties which are suitable for pegging down. I would not trouble you, but I know no one upon whose judgment I can rely. A. K. Williams, Captain Hayward, C. Lefebvre, Comte de Raimbaud, Duke of Wellington, Dupuy Jamain, Fisher Holmes, General Jacqueminot, Duke of Edinburgh, Helen Keller, Her Majesty, Merveille de Lyon, Mrs. J. Laing, Mrs. R. G. S. Crawford, Prince Arthur, Prince Camille de Rohan, S. M. Rodocanachi, Ulrich Brunner, Caroline Testout, Gustave Regis, K. A. Victoria, Mme. A. Chatenay, Viscountess Folkestone, Anna Olivier, Bridesmaid, Francisca Kruger, Hon. E. Gifford, Mme. Falcot, Mme. Hoste, Mme. Lambard, Mme. Cochet, Mme. I. Pereire, Laurette Messimy, and La France. I have included nearly all I have, partly because I seem to have read that such varieties as Her Majesty, Prince Camille de Rohan, and Merveille de Lyon could be treated that way, and if that is so, there may be others of the same type.—IGNORAMUS.

[Many of the varieties in your list are unsuitable for pegging down. Their growths are too rigid. Kinds such as Her Majesty and Merveille de Lyon should not be grown in this way. If the plants are established, select those that made growths 2ft. and upwards in length last summer and that appear fairly pliable. A few inches should be removed from these growths now, so that the lower eyes may be induced to plump up. Then early in spring, say next month, gently bend down the shoots and secure them to painted iron stakes with loops set in the ground so that the end of the growth is from 6in. to 12in. from the surface. Growth of 1ft. or so should not be bent down, but pruned and treated in the usual way. From the base of such plants as are pegged new shoots will be sent up. These will flower later, and the best of these are used for pegging down another year, those that have already been pegged being cut away after flowering. Of the list you submit, the best for pegging

are Charles Lefebvre, Dupuy Jamain, General Jacqueminot, Duke of Edinburgh, Mrs. John Laing, Prince C. de Rohan, Ulrich Brunner, Caroline Testout, Gustave Regis, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Viscountess Folkestone, Anna Olivier, Mme. Lambard, Mme. Hoste, Mme. Falcot, Mme. Cochet, Mme. Isaac Pereire, Laurette Messimy, and La France.—Ed.]

OLD STYLE.

[TO THE EDITOR]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an old man in our little village of Hunton. It has been much admired. He is now dead, but he was the last man in the village of Hunton who always wore the "smock frock," which is now so rarely seen. Hunton is a small village, only eighty people in the place, but very picturesque. If you can make any use of the photograph for COUNTRY LIFE I shall be pleased for you to do so; it was taken by my son.—M. E. PITTER.



CURIOUS DERIVATIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In perusing a somewhat rare old book, which has been recently acquired for our Public Library, "The Sportsman's Dictionary, or the Country Gentleman's Companion in all Rural Recreations" (London, 1735), I have found explanations of two very common expressions which were new to me, and possibly may be of interest to your readers. One is "Battle Royal," described as "(in cock-fighting) a fight between three, five, or seven cocks all engaged together, so that the cock which stands the longest gets the day." The other is "Wild Goose Chase": "A method of racing that takes its name from the manner of the flight of wild geese, which is generally one after another, so the horses, after the running of twelve score yards, had liberty, which horse soever could get the leading to ride what he pleased, the hindmost horse being bound to follow him, within a certain distance agreed on by articles, or else to be whipped up by the triers or judges, which rode by, and whichever horse could distance the other won the match. But this chase was found by experience so inhuman and so destructive to good horses, especially when two good horses were matched, for neither being able to distance the other, till both ready to sink under their riders through weakness, oftentimes the match was fain to be drawn and left undecided, though both the horses were quite spoiled. This brought up the custom of train-scents, which afterwards was changed to three heats and a straight course; and that the lovers of horses might be encouraged to keep good ones, plates have been erected in many places in England." Some of the instructions in this quaint old book as to snaring and netting pheasants "powtes," and catching them with limed twigs, would rather astonish game preservers of to-day.—H. G. P.



A FINE PIKE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a pike caught recently in a small lake at Marton Hall, Salop, which you may think worthy of a place in your journal. The fish was caught by an angler from Oswestry, on a very cold day with an artificial bait. It was the only bite he had all day; but as the fish weighed 28½lb. and measured 43in., it was not an unsatisfactory bag.—MAISEMORE.